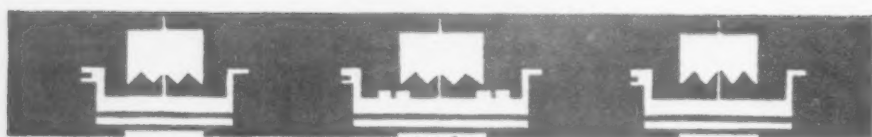


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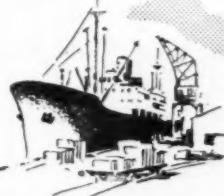
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Pencil drawing from life by Ivan Opffer of the great Danish physicist, who was recently the first recipient of the Atoms for Peace Award.

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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MARCH, 1958

NUMBER 1

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

By HARALD WIGFORSS

THE MOST important aspect of Scandinavian public opinion about America is that it is always there. Europeans generally are not indifferent to American foreign policy; rather on the contrary, they are often quite concerned and they will not seldom take extreme positions. Vivid and dynamic as American society is, it also makes a lively or at least exceedingly varied impression on other people's minds. This is even more so than it used to be and not only for obvious political reasons. After the war many Scandinavians have visited the United States, either on public business or for private study, very often with an American grant, and the discovery of America is thus multiplied on the individual level. And as Americans like to think of their country in somewhat ideological terms, as a symbol of great aims and values, in like manner the image of America in the minds of Europeans is very often illuminated by ideas or obscured by political prejudices.

Traditionally, the masses of Europe looked upon the United States as a champion of the common people and of the under-dogs, in contrast to the conservative governments of the Old World which were supposed to represent class interests and privileges. But these governments themselves have changed, and so has the radical's fancy for the United States. To the European socialist it seems that American politics, and even American society, are the last stronghold of capitalism. This leftist view of the United States was unconsciously confirmed in many wavering minds when, in the early years of the post-war period, that country took a strong stand against the Soviet Union. The European socialist might be a good democrat for all that and no friend of the communists, but there was nevertheless a

certain disposition to think of the Soviet Government as being for the workers and to regard the American Government as a mouthpiece of reactionary circles. A few intellectuals moreover, who for some reasons were fellow-travelers or neutralists with a bent for pacifism, pointed to American bombs and bases in order to show that the cold war was not merely a picture in black and white. On the other hand, the policy of containment won deep sympathy for America among people who looked upon Russian communism as a serious threat to peace and freedom.

Recently a change in this pattern of opinion seems to have come about. During the Middle East crisis some rather sharp criticism of American policy emanated from Scandinavian liberals who are some of America's best friends. This tendency is not altogether new. It can be traced back to the first days of the Republican administration. Before dealing with this controversial topic, however, it might be wise to discuss public reactions generally to world politics.

Anything said about America's dwindling prestige among Scandinavians must be weighed against the fact that among all sections of the population there is a widespread sympathy for the United States and for the cause to which she has committed herself. In March this year the Swedish Institute for Opinion Research, SIFO, asked 850 men and women throughout Sweden how they looked upon the following seven countries: USA, Great Britain, Germany, France, Israel, Egypt, and Russia. Did they approve or disapprove of a certain country or were their feelings just neutral? These were the answers:

	Approving very much Per cent	Approving Per cent	Disapproving very much Per cent	Disapproving Per cent	Not knowing Per cent
U.S.A.	22	45	3	—	30
Great Britain	10	39	9	1	41
Germany	5	29	10	1	55
France	4	28	10	1	57
Israel	3	20	11	2	64
Egypt	1	10	23	11	55
Russia	—	2	30	52	16

The questions were very vague indeed, and the interviewed persons were not invited to state their reasons, which no doubt must have been quite varied. To be sure, one should always distinguish between a country and its present regime, but this is not the habit of the general public. We may therefore presume that this poll, to a rather high degree, reflects political opinions based both on prejudice and enlightened understanding. This impression is confirmed by the fact that, among communists, only twenty per cent approved of the United States, while hardly any of them disap-

proved of the Soviet Union. SIFO asked two more questions: Do you think that American policy is serving the cause of peace? That Russian policy is doing so? The answers were:

	U. S. Policy Per cent	Russian Policy Per cent
Yes	52	2
No	16	85
Not knowing	32	13
	<hr/> 100	<hr/> 100

Comparing the answers with the party affiliations of the persons questioned, we find that among the non-socialists (conservatives, liberals, agrarians) 60 per cent relied on the U.S., while 50 per cent of the social democrats and only 20 per cent of the communists did so.

There is no reason to believe that the Danes and the Norwegians are of an entirely different mind, although the neutralists may be more numerous in Sweden, as this country does not belong to NATO. Public opinion in Denmark and Norway is certainly more willing to profess its affinity to the United States and Great Britain, pro-British feeling being particularly strong in Norway. On the other hand, there is a firm old tradition behind the anti-Russian bias of Swedish opinion. As Danish and Norwegian opinion is by now more accustomed to accepting international responsibilities of a political kind, the peoples of those countries may feel more free to criticize other members of the Western Community. The recent objections of their Prime Ministers to the installation of American missile bases in their countries also indicate that Denmark and Norway are not averse to taking an independent stand within the Atlantic Alliance. But on the whole, two-thirds of the people of Denmark and Norway may be supposed to take a more or less favorable view of America, the same proportion as in Sweden.

When reading the newspapers one gets a more differentiated picture and a slightly different one, too. Comments on the foreign or domestic affairs of the United States are numerous and not seldom critical. One must remember, of course, that simply to agree and accept does not make for a good editorial. Newspapers usually comment on news which they find problematic, and they are more eloquent in their complaints than in their admiration. It is more tempting, and perhaps more useful, to write about President Eisenhower when one disagrees with him than to hail him when he happens to say what he is supposed to say. Nevertheless, influential Western-oriented newspapers have been more successful in finding fault with Mr. Dulles than with Mr. Acheson. Most editors would probably also confess that, in their opinion, the record of the Republican administration has not quite been in step with Ike's reputation at home.

To say so might seem like a deliberate attempt to mind other people's business. It would be very sad indeed if the American public gets that impression from criticism expressed in European publications. To make sure that this author's reflections will be received in the same spirit as they are herewith written down, he had better stick to his own views instead of hiding behind Scandinavian public opinion. Consequently, some of the present grievances will be dealt with below as a political and a psychological problem, and will be analyzed from the author's own point of view.

Americans may be prone to think that the Russian sputniks and the British achievements in the field of thermonuclear research have somewhat hurt American prestige. This may be so. One has often heard people say that America needed a setback to restrain her self-esteem. But I think that a certain reluctance by American public opinion to acknowledge other nations' achievements has hurt America's reputation more than her lagging behind in the missile race, since this reluctance has been interpreted as a lack of sportsmanship. However, the American satellite has shown that American technology can do what it sets out to do, although in the beginning the sputniks made a strong impact on those people who uncritically admire the rather one-sided efficiency of totalitarian governments.

But even before these recent events American defense policy had been widely commented on. The doctrine of massive retaliation has, for instance, been sneered at in Scandinavia as well as elsewhere. People seem to think that the atom bomb has been a psychological Maginot line for the Americans, who constantly neglected to develop other appropriate weapons and resources. The request for installation of missile bases got a somewhat mixed reception, which may be due not so much perhaps to an irrational fear of Russian reprisals as to a feeling that the bases would be an offensive measure and might involve the country concerned in political difficulties.

Looking back over the years another instance of discord easily comes to mind. America's reaction to the Suez crisis, before and after the Israeli invasion and the British-French intervention, was considered to be of decisive importance in the solution of this problem. Here again, the critics were not numerous, neither in parliaments nor in the press. Britain and France were widely blamed, and so was Israel. However, a few liberal papers, which in the past had stood up for America against the neutralists' criticism, objected violently to what they described as a hypocritical moralism or an extreme kind of legalism. When the American Government pressed Israel to effect unconditional withdrawal, some of the more cautious observers joined in the protests. Finally, many papers on several occasions have not been averse to pointing to President Eisenhower's diminishing prestige. Is there, then, any common denominator to this grumbling, uneasiness, or even dissatisfaction?

I think there is, as I believe that American policy has demonstrated a

tendency which makes the above objections rather valid. As may be expected from a nation that has become a world power much against its own will and having had to assume unfamiliar responsibilities, America and her foreign policy have for some years been affected by conflicting motivations. Behind America's courageous leadership and her acceptance of heavy burdens for the cause of peace, one could always notice a longing for better days when America might confine her energies to the great adventure still unfolding within her own borders. It is, I think, a sort of introversion which, although difficult to measure in concrete terms, must have influenced the day-to-day conduct of foreign affairs, either unconsciously or as a result of political tactics. This underlying attitude might not exclude abrupt American moves on the world scene; on the contrary, it apparently has fostered such moves for, strong as they are, America's foreign interests must be protected continuously and effectively. My impression is that the mood of introversion has increased during the present administration and has, for instance, placed its stamp on America's Middle East policy. It is perfectly natural that foreign reactions to American policy in some way, and to some extent, reflect such a trend. This is most obvious when American tariff protectionists put forward new claims in order to keep out European competition. How on earth, people say, can a world power afford to put the interests of some small business circles or local areas before the general interests of the country itself?

Obviously, the McCarthy business as well as the race issue have only too well fitted into this pattern. The damage done to the great Republic's reputation by the role played by the reactionaries in these American conflicts cannot be overrated. Of course, the Scandinavian papers have usually dealt with the events truthfully. They have said again and again that the United States is a country where charlatans not only rise quickly but are soon unmercifully forgotten. They are also anxious to stress that the verdict of the Supreme Court is the true voice of America, that segregation is steadily and unostentatiously on the way out in almost the whole country. But these are explanations and, although very proper indeed, they cannot outweigh the immediate and unfortunate impressions created by race riots and other violent outbursts of brutality and intolerance. Here, too, the European observer meets with American attitudes of which he was not fully aware, although he ought to have known from his own country that all democracies have an enemy within the gates.

Going back to foreign policy, we may say that it is very important that political and psychological problems be properly understood by anyone attempting to criticize and evaluate international affairs. But I do not believe that the psychological factors are the only ones of importance. Thinking objectively, Europeans ought to interpret American policy in the Suez question

as influenced not by narrow national motives but, predominantly, by a desire to do what is good for the world even if it perhaps is not so good for Europe. We cannot, of course, expect that Europe will always be top priority in Washington. But the interests of Europe are vital to us, and if they cannot be looked after by concerted action we must have some means of looking after them ourselves. I do not think that this question has as yet attracted much attention in Scandinavia, certainly not in neutral Sweden which to some extent is denying herself the opportunity to look realistically at world problems from the angle of a community of interests. Nevertheless, with the United Nations well on its way as a universal association, in which Europe is a minority, we must regard the problem of our self-preservation in a realistic manner. NATO is even more needed now than before; and the Danes and the Norwegians have certainly no intention of leaving the alliance, but it is essential that it be rounded out by a closer European cooperation.

And dear as America's friendship is to us, we must not draw too much on her generosity. Therefore, it will not hurt the Atlantic community if, on both sides of the ocean, we let some recent dissensions come into the full light of day and look at them as mature people look at their personal problems. Whatever difference there may be in our listing of priorities, we must not fall into the trap of nationalism. There are few things as objectionable in politics as this blind self-righteousness, which uses other people's criticism for the purpose of self-endorsement and repels friends where friends are needed. This goes for nationalistic attitudes on both sides of the Atlantic. There can be nothing but disintegration and disaster if we do not conduct our affairs in such a way that not only the Atlantic alliance but a real feeling of community will continue to grow.

Harald Wigforss is the Editor of "Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfartstidning", one of Sweden's most influential daily newspapers. Being a close observer of the American scene and of world politics, he has contributed to a number of journals in the international relations field.

NICHOLAS OF LYNN

A Pre-Columbian Traveler in North America

By HJALMAR R. HOLAND

FOR THOUSANDS of years during Antiquity and the Middle Ages navigation was almost entirely confined to coastwise traffic. The sailors of those early years had no compass to tell them in what direction they were sailing nor any astrolabe or sextant to fix their position north or south. To be sure, on clear days and nights they got some information from the position of the sun and stars, but it was not precise, and if the sky was overcast they had no guidance. About the year 1300 A. D. the compass was invented, and a little later the astrolabe came into use. Then the vast oceans lost most of their terrors, and a great era of exploration followed.

The astrolabe is said to have been invented in the fourteenth century by a Franciscan friar, known as Nicholas of Lynn. (This town is now known as King's Lynne in Norfolk, England). Hipparchus, a Greek astronomer and mathematician, is said to have invented an astrolabe in the second century A.D., but nothing is known about its appearance and it was soon forgotten. Nicholas of Lynn made one for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the principal patron of the arts in his time in England. The earliest preserved mention of Nicholas is by Geoffrey Chaucer, who in his "Treatise on the Astrolabe", written in 1391, refers to "the kalenders of the reverend clerkes frere I. Somer and frere N. Lenne."

Nicholas was a great traveler and wrote a book called *Inventio Fortunata*, which may be translated *The Successful Discovery*. In this book he describes a voyage to sub-Arctic parts of America about 1360. As this was before the art of printing was invented, there were only a few copies made and the book is now lost. However, it is mentioned by many writers such as Ferdinand Columbus, who says that one of the things which encouraged his father when the latter was planning his western voyage was the mention in the *Inventio Fortunata* of islands in the West.¹ The great Las Casas also mentions the *Inventio*,² as do many other old writers. Modern experts on arctic exploration, such as F. Nansen, Axel Björnbo and De Costa, mention Nicholas and his book with respect, and E. G. R. Taylor in her *Tudor Geography* calls Nicholas "the outstanding figure of the fourteenth century" in geographical writing.³ Jón Dúason gives Nicholas a searching study in

¹ *Della Vita dell' Ammiraglio Christoforo Colombo*, Venice 1571, p. 21.

² *Historia de Las Indias*, Colección de documentos in edito, Tom. LXII, 99.

³ Page 3.

his *Landkønnum og Landnám Islendinga i Vesturheimi*.⁴ The *Dictionary of National Biography* gives a partial summary of what is known of Nicholas of Lynn,⁵ but we shall save time by citing some of the early reports on or about Nicholas or his book.

The earliest surviving mention of the *Inventio Fortunata* is an annotation on the map of Johan Ruysch dated 1508. This speaks of the discovery of the magnetic pole as an accomplished fact:

"In the book, *De Inventione Fortunata*, it may be read that below the arctic pole there is a vast area of magnetic rock 33 German miles in circumference. Below this is the *Mare Sugenum* [the whirling sucking sea] which pours out waters from four mouths. Around it [the magnetic pole] extensive desolate mountains surround these islands. There are no human habitations. No ship can get away [from the magnetic area] if it carries iron, and no wind will help it."

The following quotations are from the noted scholar, John Dee, and the cartographer, Gerhard Mercator, as reported by Richard Hakluyt:⁶

"The Testimonie of the learned Mathematician, master John Dee, touching the voyage of Nicholas De Linna.

"Anno 1360 . . . a frier of Oxford, being a good Astronömer, went in companie with others to the most Northern Islands of the world, and there leaving his company together, he travailed alone, and purposely described all the Northern Islands, with the indrawing seas; and the record thereof he at his returne delivered to the king of England. The name of which book is *Inventio Fortunata*, which book begins [in its description] at 54° and goes as far as the pole. Which frier for sundry purposes after that did five several times pass from England thither, and home again."

The last sentence above probably refers to voyages to Iceland. There was at that time much trouble between the kings of England and Norway because English fishermen were trespassing on Icelandic fishing grounds. The service of Nicholas would be in demand because he was an expert navigator.

The following is Hakluyt's copy of Mercator's inscription on the margin of his map of 1569 and it adds a few details:

"Touching the description of the North partes, I have taken the same out of the voyage of James Cnoy of Hartzevan Buske. . . . The most part, and chiefest things among the rest, he. [Cnoy] learned of a certain priest in the King of Norways court, in the yeare 1364. This priest was descended from them which King

⁴ Reykjavík, Iceland, 1941, 163-181.

⁵ Volume 40, p. 418.

⁶ Edition of 1903, pp. 301-304.



A map of part of the North American continent, showing a number of the places visited by the Norsemen.

1. Headquarters of the Royal Norwegian Expedition.
2. Friar Nicholas says he began his search here.
3. The Magnetic Pole area.
4. Where the expedition divided.
5. Lake Winnipeg.
6. Finding place of the Kensington Stone.
7. Greenland.

Arthur had sent to inhabit these Islands, and he reported that in the year 1360, a certain English Friar, a Franciscan and Mathematician of Oxford, came into these Islands, who, leaving them, and passing further by his Magicall Arts, described all those places that he sawe, and tooke the height of them with his Astrolabe, according to the forme that I have set downe in my mappe, and as I have taken it out of the aforesaid James Cnoyan."

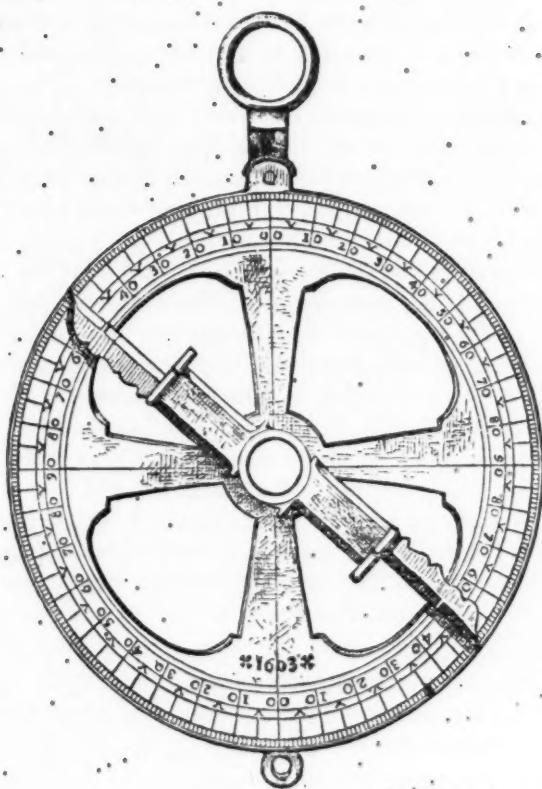
Is this narrative, "which begins at 54°," the truth or is it an elaborate fiction to prove that Brother Nicholas was a great traveler?

It is not a fiction, because we see by what he tells us that he found that the magnetic pole area was a long distance from the North Pole. In his time and long afterward, it was universally believed that the magnetic needle pointed straight toward Polaris with perhaps some small variations not considered important. No one would therefore think of denying this unless he had good evidence against it. That evidence could not be found in the low altitudes far from the magnetic pole. It was the combination of a scientific man with an astrolabe, arriving by chance or otherwise in a far northern part of North America, not far from the magnetic pole, which made its discovery possible. That is why Nicholas says that his study began, not in Lynn, England, but at latitude 54°. Up to that moment the question of a magnetic pole separate from the geographical pole did not exist. He was familiar with the small variations of the compass needle which in his home town was twelve degrees and may have considered them of small importance. But when he arrived in the quiet waters of Hamilton Inlet on the lower part of the Labrador coast at latitude 54°, he would find to his amazement that the needle pointed 38° west of north! That was no minor variation but an apparently unbelievable scientific fact. Other evidence showing that he actually reached Hudson Bay will be presented below.

As the *Inventio Fortunata* deals with a voyage leading toward the magnetic pole, its course upon leaving Hamilton Inlet would be northwest along the Labrador coast. Upon reaching Cape Chidley there would be two courses to choose between—Hudson Strait or Davis Strait. It could not have been Davis Strait, because progress in that direction would bring him no nearer to the magnetic pole, which in all that is told about Nicholas was his great objective. He must therefore have sailed up Hudson Strait.

In the course of this northwestward sailing, Nicholas would find an increasing variation of the compass needle wherever he took an observation. Finally at the northwest end of Hudson Strait he would find that the needle pointed a full 45° west of north! This was plain evidence that the magnetic pole was very far from the north pole, but where was it? Was it a hundred or a thousand miles away from his point of observation?

The best way to answer that question would be to take a compass varia-



The Bettman Archive

An advanced form of the astrolabe.

tion from another point on the same parallel farther west, so as to get a different angle. For instance, if he crossed the bay to the west side, he would find no variation at all—the needle there would point straight north. Thus he would find that the magnetic pole was at the point where these two magnetic meridians would meet, or about 500 miles north of the western point of observation. As Nicholas was a mathematician, this would be a simple problem for him, but he may not have been in position to work it out immediately.

There is other evidence showing that Nicholas reached Hudson Bay. Mercator says:⁷

... A certain Scholar of Oxford reporteth that these four Euripi [or currents] are carried with such furious violence toward

⁷ *Cosmographic*, IV, p. 191, Ed. of 1659.

some Gulf, in which they are finally swallowed up, that no ship is able with never so strong a gale to stem the current, and yet there is never so strong a wind as to drive a windmill."

This casual mention of the absence of strong wind, mentioned by Nicholas to emphasize the violence of the current (in Hudson Strait), agrees well with the description in *The New International Encyclopedia* which describes Hudson Bay as being "singularly free from storms and fogs."⁸

George Best (1578) in his narrative of Frobisher's voyages has the same quotation with this addition: "He (Nicholas) says that the land on the Southwest is fruitfull and holesome soyle. The Northeast part is inhabited with a people called Pygmaei"⁹ As it would not be safe for Nicholas to venture far inland, the only lands he could describe were those adjacent to the waters in which he voyaged. This description can therefore only apply to the shores of Hudson Bay as this is the only body of water in the American sub-Arctic which on the southwest is bordered by forest land and can therefore be called "fruitfull and a holesome soyle."

Finally we have the excellent map of Hudson Bay shown on the globe made by Gemma Frisius in 1537 (see illustration).¹⁰ This map, made seventy-three years before Henry Hudson discovered the bay, shows not only a good outline of the bay, but also the fairly correct position of its inlets, outlets and islands. Whoever made this drawing must have sailed all over the bay, because it reflects the absence of large rivers on the east, and the correct position of the outlets of the big rivers on the west side.

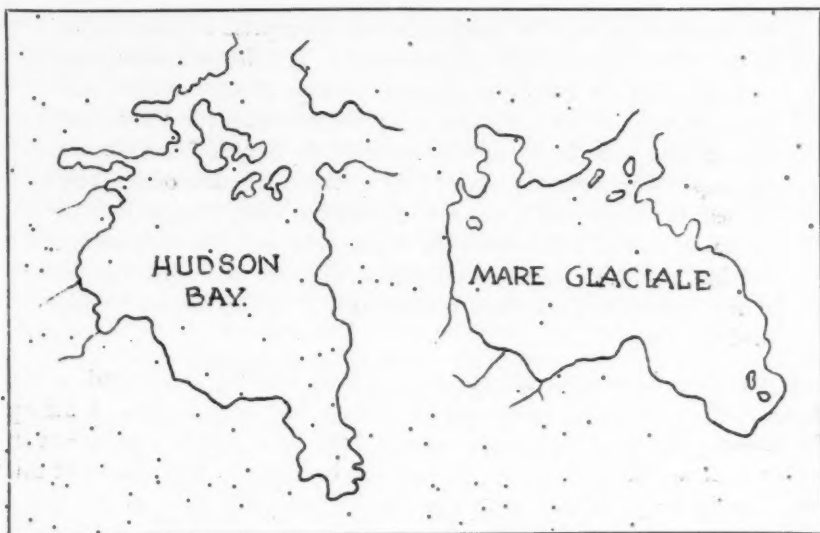
As this map of Hudson Bay was made in 1537, long before any expedition is known to have penetrated into that region, it seems probable that it was made by Nicholas of Lynn. This raises the question: how did he get there? In his time there was no interest in England in exploration. In fact, aside from the one-ship voyage of John Cabot and his seventeen men in 1497, there was no practical interest in England in America until two centuries later when Sir Walter Raleigh became interested.

However, there was an expedition which visited America in the fourteenth century. This expedition was fitted out and dispatched by Magnus Erikson, King of Norway, Sweden, and the Western Islands. We have a copy of his commission to Sir Paul Knutson, a member of the Royal Council and the Judge of Gulathing, the largest judicial district in Norway. It is dated October 28, 1354. The purpose of the expedition was to find a large group of Norse Greenlanders who were reported to have given up the Christian faith and emigrated to America because of the hostility of the Eskimos. In order to make this expedition as effective as possible, the King instructed

⁸ Article *Hudson Bay*.

⁹ *Frobisher's Three Voyages*, Stefansson's edition, 1938, Vol. 1, p. 19.

¹⁰ From *Meddelelser om Grønland*, Vol. 48, page 46.



An outline map of Hudson Bay (on the left), and the bay as it appears on the Gemma Frisius Globe of 1537 (on the right).

Sir Paul to select a number of men from the King's Bodyguard.¹¹

Some critics, not historians, have objected that there is no evidence to show that this expedition ever left Norway.

This is a groundless objection.

As this enterprise involved the eternal welfare of a thousand subjects of the King, there is no reason for doubting that it got under way. King Magnus was a very faithful son of the Church, and no doubt meant it when he wrote in his commission to Sir Paul: "We do this for the honor of God and for our predecessors, who in Greenland established Christianity and have maintained it until this time, and *we will not let it perish in our days*. Know this for truth, that whoever defies this our command shall meet with our most serious displeasure and receive full punishment."

For this and other reasons all Norse historians who have discussed this matter have agreed that the expedition sailed as planned. The late Gustav Storm has written:

"We have a copy of a royal letter from October, 1354, which indicates extraordinary preparations. Paul Knutson of Onarheim, a member of the King's Bodyguard, is appointed leader of the expedition, and he is given special authority to fit it out and choose

¹¹ The King's letter to Sir Paul Knutson and the circumstances that led up to it are given in H. R. Holand, *Explorations in America Before Columbus*, 1956, pp. 154-160.

the members of it. The purpose of the enterprise is stated to be to maintain Christianity in Greenland, i.e., to fight the Eskimo and to strengthen the colony in general, perhaps also to explore new lands. In any case we can be sure that the conditions in Greenland and its fate were in those years debated in Bergen from whence the expedition departed, and where it after a number of years returned. We know that it had not returned in 1357. It appears most probable that it did not return until 1363 or 1364, because in the last year Ivar Bardsson appears again, and not until 1365 is a new bishop to Greenland consecrated."¹² (The former bishop died in 1349.)

If the royal expedition did not set out from Norway as planned by the King, then the startling news that Greenland had been without a bishop for fifteen years must have been brought back by a private trader. But in such case it would not have become known, because the publication of this news would be proof that the trader had violated the rights of the King. This is therefore good evidence that the royal expedition did sail as planned, and that the survivors returned in 1364.

There is also the testimony of Archbishop Olaus Magnus. He writes:

"[In Greenland] live a kind of pirates who make use of skin boats . . . in which they attack merchant vessels, seeking to sink them by piercing their hulls from below instead of attacking them from above. In the year 1505 I personally saw two of these skin boats above the western portal within the cathedral dedicated to the sainted Halvard where they were put on the wall for general exhibition. It was stated that King Haakon captured them when he with his battle fleet passed the coast of Greenland just as they [the natives] prepared to sink his vessel in the sea."¹³

This passage is highly significant. It was of course an error when the cicerone of the church a hundred and forty years later told the future bishop that King Haakon personally commanded this expedition. The years of his reign, 1355-1380,¹⁴ were filled with wars, and Professor Munch has shown that King Haakon did not once leave the Scandinavian countries.¹⁵ Divested of this embellishment, the information conveyed is that a royal naval expedition visited Greenland in King Haakon's reign; that it was not

¹² *Studier over Vinlandsreiseerne*, 1888, pp. 73-74. Fridtjof Nansen is of the same opinion, see *In Northern Mists*, II, p. 38. Also Finn Magnuson in *Grønlands Historiske Mindesmerker*, III, p. 287, and Helge Gjessing in *Symra*, 1909, p. 124.

¹³ *Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, Rome, 1555, Book II, Cap. IX.

¹⁴ The Royal Council of Norway in 1343 decreed that the union with Sweden should end in 1355. P. A. Munch, *Unionsperioden*, I, pp. 289-298. This resulted in Haakon becoming King of Norway and Erik, his brother, King of Sweden.

¹⁵ P. A. Munch, *Unionsperioden*, I, 609-934; II, 1-121.

of commercial nature, but sailed in war vessels, and that it had unfriendly relations with the Eskimos. This exactly describes the royal expedition which returned in 1364.

But why did the Bishop of Oslo give these skin boats of a heathen people a place of honor within the great cathedral? In those days there was no scientific interest in the customs of barbaric peoples.

But there was a religious reason which perfectly justified the presence of these kayaks on the wall *within* the cathedral. St. Halvard was the patron saint of Oslo, and he had been canonized chiefly for sacrificing his life to save another.¹⁶ His church was therefore the proper place to preserve these skin boats, which, because they were the only mementos of the royal expedition, symbolized the self-sacrifice of these men who had lost their lives in their effort to save the apostate Greenlanders from eternal punishment. And there they remained, venerated for almost two hundred years, until the Reformation swept the churches clean of all Catholic paraphernalia.

As it is extremely unlikely that there were two expeditions in America in the middle of the fourteenth century, there seems to be no reason to doubt that the royal expedition of 1355-1364 was the one which brought Nicholas to America. There are also a number of corroborations.

1. The field of operations. The only specific objective that is mentioned in the many allusions to Nicholas of Lynn is his search for the magnetic pole. Recent investigations by Roald Amundsen and others have shown that the center of the magnetic pole area is near latitude 70, longitude 96, a short distance northwest of Hudson Bay. The shortest and most direct approach to it is also through Hudson Bay. Nicholas' field of operations were therefore largely in Hudson Bay.

So also it was of the royal expedition. Its mission was to find the apostate Greenlanders which would necessitate a close inspection of the Atlantic coast for signs of their presence. This search would eventually bring its members up into Hudson Bay unless their search was successfully terminated before going so far.

2. The return. Nicholas mentions that he and the survivors returned to Norway in 1364. That is also the year that the remnant of the royal expedition returned.

3. Finally he mentions the rather obscure fact that the priest who in 1364 presented a report to the King concerning the results of the expedition was not a true Norwegian but was of old Greenland stock. This is true of Ivar Bardson who in 1364 brought the report to the King. Ivar was born in Greenland, the only priest of Greenland origin that we know of.¹⁷

¹⁶ Ludvig Daac, *Norges Helgener*, II. 163.

¹⁷ *Grønlands Historiske Mindes*, III, p. 259; also in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, London, 1625, part III, 518 ff.



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The Kensington Stone

But is it likely that an Englishman would be a member of the Swedish-Norwegian expedition?

The knowledge of geography and navigation in the Middle Ages was so scant, that all countries looking for new outposts were glad to avail themselves of foreign experts. Thus we see that Spain's greatest progress in the new world was made by three foreign navigators — Columbus, a Genoese, Vespucci, a Florentine, and Magellan, a Portuguese. The first French voyage to America was guided by Verrazano, a Florentine, and the first English vessel sent into the West was commanded by John Cabot, a Venetian. Lynn in Norfolk, England, was the principal port of Norwegian trade in England and many Norwegians lived there.¹⁸ There was therefore brisk intercourse between Lynn and Bergen, from which the royal expedition set out. Moreover, the Bishop of Bergen, Gisbrikt by name, was an Englishman, and he was no doubt deeply interested in the success of this great

religious enterprise to an unknown country. He would therefore urge upon Sir Paul, who also lived in Bergen, the wisdom of securing the service of his famous countryman, Nicholas, in this voyage.

I have shown that the presence of Nicholas of Lynn in Hudson Bay in the middle of the fourteenth century is corroborated by Norwegian historical records. And there are other corroborations. Just as the Norse records prove the truth of Nicholas' narrative in *Inventio Fortunata*, so the latter narrative proves the authenticity of the Kensington inscription.

As some of the readers will recall, the stone containing this inscription was found in 1898, three miles northeast of Kensington, Minnesota. The finder was an unlearned pioneer with only nine months' schooling. The stone was found deep under ground, clasped in the roots of a tree in a piece of hilly timberland on which the pioneer had settled seven years previously.

¹⁸ Alexander Bugge, "Handelen mellem England og Norge," *Historisk Tidsskrift*, Oslo, 1896.

and where he was now grubbing trees. A banker in Kensington made a copy of the inscription which eventually came to the attention of the instructor in Norwegian in the University of Minnesota. As he knew very little about runic writing, he was unable to read the entire inscription and he failed to understand the numerals giving the date. However, he found the word *Vinland*. As this was the name given to that part of America discovered by Leif Erikson in the year 1003, the instructor assumed that the inscription purported to have some connection with Leif Erikson. But as the language of the inscription plainly was not written in the Old Norse of the eleventh century, he concluded that the inscription was a clumsy forgery. He sent a report of his findings to the University of Oslo, and soon had a reply signed by three scholars that they agreed with him. These scholars had not seen the inscription or even a photograph of it, and the instructor's report was very misleading. Their verdict was therefore rather hasty. On the other hand, the discovery of a runic inscription in the far interior of America must have seemed absurd. Apparently they did not know that there is a large and fairly direct waterway from Hudson Bay to western Minnesota. The result was that the inscription was rejected and the stone was forgotten. Then, ten years later, the inscription was resurrected and a full translation was made. Here is what the inscription records:

(We are) 8 Goths (Swedes) and 22 Norwegians on (an) exploration journey from Vinland through the west We had camp by (a lake with) 2 skerries one days-voyage north from this stone We were (out) and fished one day after we came home (we) found 10 men red with blood and dead A V M (Ave Virgo Maria) save (us) from evil

(We) have 10 of our men by the sea to look after our ships 14 day-voyages from this island (In the) year (of our Lord) 1362

The words in parentheses are not in the inscription.

The publication of the full translation of the inscription was followed by a vigorous discussion which has continued unabated to the present time. Many eminent scholars have defended the authenticity of the inscription, and there have also been many opponents. The latter have mostly relied on the fact that the inscription when found was rejected by three prominent scholars. They forget or do not know that the examination of these early scholars was entirely worthless because they had no true copy of the inscription and did not or could not make a translation of it. Those who are interested in the arguments pro and con the inscription will find them all presented in my four books on the subject, *The Kensington Stone*, 1932; *Westward From Vinland*, 1940; *America 1355-1364*, 1946; and *Explorations*

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uf blop og þep A V M

P R X t R 4 t: X P: I I R 4:

fræelse af illy

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æftir wore skip 14 pagh rise

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fråmpeno öh år 1362

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Transliteration of the Kensington inscription.

in *America Before Columbus*, 1956. These volumes contain a complete bibliography of the subject up to date.

And now we come to Nicholas of Lynn who clinches the whole argument. In his book we find a number of points of agreement with the Kensington inscription. Of contradictions there are none.

1. Both narratives tell of a Norwegian exploration expedition.

2. The time in both is the same. Nicholas mentions the years 1360 and 1364. The date on the Kensington Stone is 1362.

3. Both narratives mention Hudson Bay as an area of operations. It has been shown above that Nicholas spent some time in Hudson Bay. Likewise, the Kensington inscription mentions Hudson Bay in the following words; "We have ten of our men by the sea (*hawët*) to look after our ships, fourteen day-voyages from this island." As it also mentions that they came from the north, this "sea" must have been Hudson Bay, from which they came by way of Nelson River and Lake Winnipeg. This is confirmed by the statement that it was fourteen *day-voyages* from the finding place of the Stone. This term, *day-voyage*, was a unit of distance in general use in Norway and represented the length of an average day's sail, which was equal to about 75 English miles. 14×75 is 1050 miles, which is approximately the distance from Kensington to the mouth of Nelson River.

4. Nicholas in his *Inventio* says that he began his research in 1360 at latitude 54. This parallel enters Labrador at Hamilton Inlet.

This agrees well with the time schedule of the royal expedition and the Kensington inscription. The expedition left Norway in 1355 and probably reached Vinland in the fall of 1356. Vinland, it is generally believed, was in southern New England.¹⁹ The Kensington inscription says that the headquarters of the expedition was here. The first years were no doubt spent in searching for signs of the lost Greenlanders north and south of Vinland. By the fall of 1360 the search would probably have been completed as far north as southern Labrador. They were now too far away to return to the headquarters for the winter, and they would look around for a good place to make their winter camp. The very best place in Newfoundland or Labrador for this purpose is Hamilton Inlet and its appendage, Lake Melville, where there is not only good hunting but also fine timber for a camp house and abundant fuel. From here the expedition proceeded to Hudson Bay and the mouth of Nelson River where they arrived in the fall of 1361.

5. The division of the expedition. According to Dr. Dee, Nicholas makes the somewhat surprising statement that the party of which he was a member

¹⁹ In my book, *Explorations in America Before Columbus*, 1956, pp. 207-251, I present evidence to show that the headquarters were on Rhode Island and that the ancient tower in Newport was built by this expedition as a fortified church.

divided in two parts, leaving him abundant opportunity to "travel and describe all those places that he saw." He gives no reason for this separation, but this is mentioned on the Kensington Stone.

The expedition evidently came to the conclusion that further search for the lost Greenlanders was useless, and the majority decided to make an inland journey up the Nelson River, probably with the hope of finding a shorter cross country course back to their headquarters in Greenland. However, as nothing was known of the physiography of the interior, the Kensington inscription says that ten men were left behind "to see to our ships." A time limit was no doubt set, four months or perhaps a whole year, and as there were two ships, Nicholas was free to satisfy his scientific curiosity. This division probably was made in the spring of 1362 because the inscription, made after a couple of months of travel, bears that date.

6. Taylor mentions one final echo of these early explorers.²⁰ She refers to Mercator's material on Nicholas' journey into the North and says: "The story is then told that in 1364, when only eight men . . . survived, a priest who had an astrolabe" etc. The Kensington inscription in 1362 says that *ten* men were left with the ships. Two years later we see this number reduced to *eight*—a very small number indeed of that large and gallant company who nine years previously had set forth on a great missionary enterprise with the blessings of the King.

Hjalmar R. Holand has written four books and scores of articles about the Norse explorations in America, and has for about fifty years championed the authenticity of the Kensington rune stone. His autobiography, "My First Eighty Years", was recently published.

²⁰E. G. R. Taylor, *Tudor Geography*, London, 1879, p. 133.

MARTIN A. HANSEN AND THE USES OF THE PAST

By RICHARD B. VOWLES

"LIFE travels upwards in spirals. He who takes pains to search the shadows of the past below us, then, can better judge the tiny arc which he climbs, more surely guess the dim curves of the future above him." In that spirit described by Kierkegaard, the modern Danish novelist Martin A. Hansen lived out his own, tragically abbreviated arc. On June 27, 1955, when the early summer was in full bloom outside his Bispebjerg hospital window, Hansen died at the age of forty-five. "The greatest Danish writer of our time is dead," wrote Niels Pedersen, in a memorial volume issued by Gyldendal. No one doubted him, for Hansen died at a peak of productivity and artistry, a great lover of Denmark and a great writer of fiction.

He was not a flamboyant figure. Indeed, Hansen was convinced that a writer ought to have all the ordinary responsibilities denied him by popular myth, and a few more. He was born August 20, 1909 in Strøby, southwest of Copenhagen on the island of Sjælland, the son of a small farmer and singer in the village choir. After his schooling he tried his hand at farming, at a time when the unity of agricultural society, as he knew it, was disintegrating. These impressions survive in his early writing. At Haslev Seminary he qualified as a teacher in 1931 and migrated to Copenhagen to teach at Blaagaard Seminarium's school for children, Nørrebro, where he re-

mained for some twelve years. "His voice was a wonderful instrument," a friend recalls. "It was calm, had a quiet strength, a suppressed magic, that compelled one to listen."

Hansen's first writing took the form of protest. A communist during his early Copenhagen days, he wrote *Survenaer* (*Nu opgiver han*, 1935) and its faltering sequel *The Colony* (*Kolonien*, 1937) as arguments for collective farming. He succeeded not only in writing communism out of his system, but in establishing himself, at the age of 26, as a formidable talent.

During the German occupation, Hansen was deeply involved in the resistance movement. In public view he wrote two historical fantasies; behind the scenes he was a frequent contributor to *Folk and Freedom* (*Folk og Frihed*), which he edited for a time, and prepared a large section of the illegal underground book *A Fire Burns* (*Der brænder en Ild*, 1944).

At the end of the war Hansen left teaching in order to devote all his time to writing, and his production was varied and steady up to his death. On New Year's Day, 1947, he was awarded the Artist's Prize of the liberal daily *Politiken*; in 1949 he was named author of the year by the bookdealers of Copenhagen. The following year he bought Allerslev rectory, near Lejre, southwest of Roskilde, where he settled down happily with his wife, Vera, and two children, an 11-year-old son and 7-year-old daughter. "No one knew the

parish better than he," wrote Jørgen Jørgensen, former minister of education, and a neighbor. "He located historical relics deep in the woods that no one else had noticed. He explored the past of his ancestry. He had the real farmer's sense of belonging to the soil and felt himself a farmer's son in a pact with everything living and growing that unfolds itself in nature. Quiet and unnoticed he lived his everyday life here in the old vicarage. There was over his erect figure a peace and harmony so beneficent and genuine it was apparent how much he had to give his people." But the last years were no lazy rustic idyll. For a time Hansen continued to edit the dynamic literary quarterly *Heretica* with Ole Wivel, he wrote travel books about Norway and Iceland, a book on the weather in Denmark, and many philosophic essays collected in the powerful amalgam of anthropology and personal vision called *Serpent and Bull* (*Orm og Tyr*, 1952), in a sense the continuation of *Leviathan* (1950), which had attacked the victory of technology over a peasant culture. All this time he grew in stature and renown, until it became common for Danish cyclists and motorists to make Sunday pilgrimages to Allerslev.

In April 1955 Hansen learned that he had an incurable kidney disease and he was taken to the hospital. The last three months he worked at enormous speed to finish what he could. The record of the last days, preserved in the memorial volume, is painful almost beyond endurance, but revealing. "Toward the end," wrote Ole Wivel, his close friend and literary executor, "in the violence of his fantasy, as the deep inspiration welled forth, strange and irrepressible, his brow and eyes

shone with a spirituality I have never seen before." So died Martin A. Hansen on a day in June.

Surrender, Hansen's first novel, was the expression of his own revolt. It concerned the farm son Niels whose slogan is "Away with tradition; we must specialize," and his father Lars Jørn, a gnarled and narrow-minded freeholder who succumbs to pressure and relinquishes the farm to his son. The novel has forty characters, eleven love interests, and all the clichés dear to the epikers of the soil. But it also had power and promise. Its sequel, *The Colony*, which deals with the collectivist farm experiment under Niels, and its failure, is by no means so good a novel.

It reveals Hansen's growing impatience with both ideology and method. Probably he would have turned to the greater latitude of fantasy whether or not the Nazi occupation had forced him to it.

Jonathan's Journey (*Jonatans Rejse*, 1941; revised 1950) concerns the peripatetic adventures of a smithy of good heart, who has captured the devil in a bottle and will present him to the ruler of the kingdom, and Askelad the bumptious lad, who accompanies him. Though a comic realism of dialogue imbues the whole, the book is fundamentally an expression of symbolic conflict in which Jonathan represents the essential goodness of the Middle Ages and Askelad the bland amorality of modern science. The bottled devil can be read as a symbol of any perilous possession and, more specifically, a premonition of the atomic bomb. However, the book is neither social satire precisely, nor science fiction, but simply skillful narration. Yet it



Martin A. Hansen

contains, says Sven Møller Kristensen, "all the elements of thought that were to be deepened and extended in Hansen's later production."

Lucky Christopher (*Lykkelige Kristoffer*, 1945) is also picaresque, but finds its setting in feudal Sweden of the Reformation. Written in an old chronicle style, constructed out of peasant idiom, the novel owes a good deal to Cervantes and Rabelais. The penniless nobleman Christopher travels from Halland, on the west coast of Sweden, to Copenhagen, experiencing all manner of human evil and indignity on the way. Riding a one-eyed giant nag, he is accompanied by an assorted crew: the wise clerk Martin, knowledgeable in medicine, and the narrator of the story; Father Matthew, representative of the cultural best of the Middle Ages; and Herr Paal, a thick-skinned old war horse of a soldier. The theme is

the survival of a beautiful but irrational idealism in a world of lechery, materialism, hatred, and terror.

It is a paradox that in the spring of 1946 Hansen finally became a popular success with *The Thorn Bush* (*Tørnebusken*), the most obscure of all his books. In "Easter Bells," the first of three stories, Johan, a farm-hand, wins the girl; then fights a bull released by his cowardly rival; and dies a kind of ecstatic, ritualistic death. "September Fog," the third story, deals with the anguish of warfare. But these two narratives are, as Thorikild Bjørnvig puts it in a brilliant book about Hansen, but the transepts to the nave of the book, "Midsummer Feast," a tale of "oracular ambiguity." Within the color of a festival setting, Hansen conducts a philosophic dialogue that explores the interrelation of good and evil. The book is an extraordinary tour

de force, not only for its compactness (the three stories cover in sequence exactly twenty-four hours) but for its examination of the uses of suffering—with the thorn bush and its Christian connotations as the presiding symbol. But it seems overly ambitious compared to the books that follow.

The perfection of Hansen's short story art is best observed in *The Part-ridge* (Agerhønen, 1947), containing four stories in each of three divisions: "Legend", dealing with moments of childhood; "Revelation," with fumbling maturity; and "Myth", applying the vision of childhood to adult themes. Within this organic development, there is an interrelation of story in one group to corresponding story in another group, that gives the book a fascinating and, so far as I know, unique symmetry, a symmetry that integrates the greatest diversity of method.

"The Waiting Room" pursues the nihilistic train of thought of a woman who has bungled her emotional life and reached the end of the line. "Sacrifice", somewhat like Shirley Jackson's classic "The Lottery", is about the burial alive of two children by a superstitious people, in order to avert a plague. "The Soldier and the Girl" is a strangely diaphanous and yet comic version of the death of a soldier. But the most original is "The Birds" because here Hansen has, in his preoccupation with the Middle Ages, resuscitated the *fabliau*, substituting for its coarseness the most engaging naïveté.

The story is of the farm boy, Espen, who goes to work for "the foolish priest of Kyndelby," a good man who preaches dull sermons and handles his farm in a colossally inept way, albeit with a real *joie de vivre*.

"I love to plow," said the priest, though he couldn't really. The furrows were so twisted and meandering that the birds, who swooped down after worms, were made quite dizzy. When the priest passed Espen he heard him saying aloud, as he spread manure:

"This is a sorry state of affairs. Amen. This is sorry farming. Amen."

"What is that you are saying?" asked the priest.

"I am delivering a sermon," said the boy.

"A remarkable sermon, I must say."

"The priest ought to know," said the boy. "And may I say that this is remarkable plowing?"

"I'm not very good at it," said the priest, "but perhaps you will teach me."

The boy made several circuits with the plow and straightened out the furrows.

"They look good!" said the priest admiringly. "But you must explain how you did it."

"It's not the kind of thing you can explain," said Espen. "You have to have it in you. But keep the reins taut when you swing the plow about. Then you can keep the plow in the furrow with two fingers. Watch. It leaps from the earth and settles again like a gull."

But, in spite of his brawn and skill, Espen cannot avert downfall. Debts consume profits, the priest's wife dies, and his daughter departs for a sleazy life in the city. But not before misleading Espen into thinking she will marry him. At a very funny toasting ceremony, when the priest congratulates the two, Helena breaks the news.

"It isn't Espen, my dear. How can you think it? Espen is a lovely boy. You are Espen! But you are and remain a real farmboy. There are men who are much finer and handsomer—I happen to know."

The priest emptied his glass.



Nordisk Pressefoto

Martin A. Hansen pictured with his wife in front of their home.

"Goodnight, children," he said, and went.

"You may kiss me," said Helena. "But you really mustn't demand that I marry you. Can't you understand that?"

"Skaal," said Espen, and drank his raspberry juice.

Thus Hansen turns a peasant taciturnity into artistry. But it is equally his warm-hearted understanding for the imaginatively ineffectual, those with "birds" in their breasts, that gives the story its fresh charm; the priest who keeps the *Iliad* in one pocket and the *Odyssey* in the other—and of course the New Testament inside next to his heart; and Espen, the knight errant, who gives a lobster claw as token to Helena, his passionate lady. Like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza they stand for the ideal and the real, two half personalities that need each other to make up a whole. The symbolism is not intrusive.

In his last published work, an introduction to the first full translation of *Moby Dick* into Danish, Hansen laments the scholarly and critical preoccupation with Melville's symbols, and admires the author for rendering emotions with love and fidelity. Then and only then, symbolic values take on their true, emergent meaning, as they do in the works of Hansen himself. The story is the thing.

The Liar (*Løgneren*, 1950) is beyond question Hansen's finest novel, and probably his finest work of any kind. It has been translated into Swedish, Norwegian, Finnish, German, French, and English; and it is our loss that it has not yet appeared in the United States. Originally intended as a radio serial, it is by no means disjointed or episodic. Instead it has a classical perfection of form that is enhanced by a rhythm of revelation. The story re-

veals itself gradually through the diary of the factotum on the island of Sandø, Johannes Vig, combined parish clerk and schoolmaster, an emotionally frustrated but intelligent man-approaching middle age, who wavers between dignity and folly in an absorbing way. On the face of it, the narration of a schoolmaster would seem to offer little promise, but Hansen himself was no ordinary schoolmaster, and his protagonist-speaker is a humble, self-knowledgeable, human figure who ascends to a kind of greatness.

Johannes Vig is in love with the much younger Annemari, though he will scarcely admit it to himself. He anxiously argues the rights of the absent Oluf, by whom Annemari has had an illegitimate child, but she has turned cool toward him in favor of Harry, an engineer on special assignment to this bleak island to which spring is just coming—spring that “means only confusion and trouble.” Oluf stands for solid peasant tradition, to which Johannes dedicates himself as friend of all that Oluf represents and as a kind of amateur archaeologist and historian, and Harry is the bland, uncomplicated interloper, the traveling salesman of technology.

When he is sure that Annemari has severed herself from Oluf, Johannes makes a vain and painful gesture for her favor, but it is too late. There might have been a time, the perfect moment, but *chronos* has its brutal, disruptive rhythm. In desperation and somewhat in alcohol, Johannes substitutes an erotic adventure with Rigmor, the passionate and unhappy wife of the biggest landowner of Sandø, the “high-flying snipe” Frederik, as Johannes calls him. Finally the schoolmaster emerges from

his neurotic upheaval and makes his private peace, as it were.

The dimensions of the novel are not immense, but they are exactly right. Sandø is documented with delightful precision; the rhythmic approach of spring is observed in a detail that is neither pedantic nor sentimental. “I noticed,” observes Johannes, “that the dark spots in the sea-ice now lay almost in streaks, giving it a speckled appearance, which reminded one of the wing of an immense bird of prey.” Hansen knew his birds perhaps better than anything else in nature, and he knew how the ice looked at any given moment in the cycle of things.

But nature is not the only framework. Swatches of traditional Danish poetry are woven into the texture of the story in an unobtrusive but meaningful way and give the novel an added dimension and a uniquely Danish character.

The schoolmaster is a perfect narrator for the story. If his manner is at first somewhat dry and crabbed, passion emerges in spite of restraint. Johannes is a fine observer of mores, a humane analyst of everyone's character—but his own. And therein lies the element of suspense. His introspection is always interesting and plausible. In this respect, Hansen knew exactly what he was doing. In one of his last essays he attacks Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* tellingly, because Hemingway approaches the terribly isolated old fisherman at sea from the outside, as omniscient narrator and then subtly, but no less unfortunately, confuses his own dilemma as writer with that of the old man. He taps Hemingway's story and finds its hollow ring, as few critics have done; but in general he is an

admirer, for "Hemingway is a prosist with tone. Not so many writers possess that." In *The Liar* Hansen, too, has his own individual tone, and his handling of the schoolmaster's angle of vision is masterly. He might have got personally involved, schoolmaster that he himself is, but he did not. He would agree with T. S. Eliot that writing is "not so much an expression of personality as an escape from it."

Johannes Vig tells his story in diary fashion to an imaginary listener, Nathanael; because, as he tells us, the Biblical Nathanael was a man without guile, whereas he, Johannes, constantly deceives himself. Hence the title *The Liar*. Did Hansen know that André Gide too wrote a novel, *Les Nourritures Terrestres*, in which the narrator addresses an imaginary Nathanael? (As Hans Ruin has pointed out). Hansen was well read and the coincidence is striking, so striking that it seems to me that Hansen's novel can only be interpreted, at least in part, as answer to Gide's book, which is, on the other hand, not so much a novel as a self-indulgent tone poem. Gide urges his young friend to exploit the senses, wipe out the line between good and evil, and find satisfaction to the hilt. Johannes creates his Nathanael out of his loneliness and ascends the last painful ramp of sensual upheaval to find quite a different answer. Spring comes and so also comes the woodcock, or Christ by symbolic transfer, and the evil spirits are driven out. Love is transient, but the world remains. Johannes will chronicle Sandø, his microcosm, for "he who takes pains to search the shadows of the past below us, can . . . more surely guess the dim curves of the future above him."

Other than *The Conch* (*Konkyljen*, 1955), a collection of stories and fragments issued posthumously, Hansen wrote no more fiction after *The Liar*. Like Tolstoy, he came to question the ethical validity of the esthetic act, the meaning of his work in fiction. Unlike Tolstoy, he did not throw his creative ballast overboard. Instead, through a study of Romanesque painting in Danish churches, he arrived at a new understanding of craft in the service of Christendom. But the book in which he does this is many things.

Serpent and Bull is, first of all, a kind of Scandinavian Old Testament. To Hansen the historical method of Jesus, based not on revolution but fulfillment, "surpassed in its dialectical wisdom that of the Romans and the Greeks." With this in mind, he analyzes Viking remains and legends and their cultural tendency toward Christianity. Secondly, the book is a penetrating study of death, with special attention to the peculiarly Danish myth of the serpent and the bull, according to which a serpent, which has encircled a church, is killed by a bull, nurtured by the community in preparation for this encounter. The serpent, to Hansen, stands for a barbaric concept of death, while the bull, a household animal, represents the folk Christendom that released man from his superstitious fear.

It is the folk Christendom of the Romanesque period (1000-1250 A.D.) that appealed to Hansen most, partly for a harmony of spirit reflected in the rounded arch, as opposed to the nervous and divided sensibility implicit in the Gothic arch, but even more in the uncomplicated artistry of Romanesque painting in Danish and Scan-

ian churches. By reverting to the folk Christendom of the late Middle Ages, he was able to reconcile his belief and his art. Here Christ was a victorious, not a drawn and suffering figure. Here Christianity was as it should be, "neither religion, social science, nor ethics, but a great and fateful occurrence in man."

Yet *Serpent and Bull* is not a pretentious book. It is undeniably cultural history of a sort, supported by scholarly opinion, but it has the simplicity of everything Hansen did. I think of it as a gesture of devotion to the village church, always lovingly appraised in its natural setting, always sought as the surest way to the heart and the artistic temperament of the people.

The one thing that seems to have distressed Hansen about *Serpent and Bull* was that it did not, could not by its very nature, give free play to his instinctive story-telling persuasion. It

is our complaint too. For Martin A. Hansen was and is one of the best writers of fiction of our time. He brings warmth of insight, skill of concentration, and a rare tonal quality to the story without losing sight of the truth that it is basically the story that matters. Most important of all, he was increasingly able to reveal the mystery that shimmers explosively beneath the surface of things. Working in a mode he called "metaphysical psychology," for lack of a better term, he sought "a visionary depiction of men which, to tell the truth about the human being, often must tell about something which couldn't at all happen." Not fantasy so much as a kind of luminous realism. Like Kierkegaard, he knew about the uses of the past. From the late Middle Ages he recaptured the meaning of craft, the devotion of color and form, not subservient to Christendom but Christendom itself.

Professor Richard B. Vowles, a former ASE Fellow to Sweden, is on the Faculty of English in the University of Florida. He has made a special study of the literature of Scandinavia and has contributed many articles to the Review.

A COOK'S TOUR OF ICELAND

By MEKKIN S. PERKINS

DURING a recent stay in Iceland, I soon became accustomed to the national food pattern of five meals a day: two "coffees" besides breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

As I had a room in a private home and ate "out", my meals were often irregular. Except when invited to dine at the homes of cousins or friends, I patronized the small, though excellent, restaurants and the one and only first-class hotel of which the capital, Reykjavik, a city of some 60,000 persons, boasts. This arrangement proved satisfactory, though sometimes time-consuming, for the restaurants were slow in opening their doors in the morning, especially on Sundays and holidays.

Icelandic food is wholesome and appetizing, but it is idle to expect the delicacies one would get in Paris or Rio, for food imports are kept to a minimum. Yet there are national dishes to satisfy the most discriminating taste.

I usually chose the simple Icelandic breakfast consisting of a roll, bread or toast, served with sliced cheddar-cheese and a pot of coffee. The brew was strong and mixed with chicory. In private homes cake was often served at the morning meal. On a trip through northern Iceland, we had open-faced sandwiches for breakfast at one of the school-houses used as hotels during the summer months. In the rural districts a hot cereal, oatmeal, may be included in the menu. The natives like it with an admixture of *skyr*, the national milk-curd pudding, often somewhat sour.

For lunch and dinner there is always soup, varieties ranging from cauliflower to fish, the latter sometimes served with a prune floating on top. A milk soup with rice is an old-fashioned Icelandic recipe. Favorites are sweet soups of various kinds: cocoa soup, blueberry soup, crowberry soup, and a soup with a sago base and prunes and raisins scattered throughout. Soup is also made of the rhubarb which grows to a height of three feet or more in this northern climate. One restaurant puts the individual soup pot on the table beside you so that you can have a second, or even a third, helping.

There is a great choice of fish: cod-fish, herring, halibut, haddock, trout, salmon—to mention a few. A shell fish specialty is a tiny shrimp. Whether fresh, salted or frozen, the fish is usually served boiled and eaten with generous quantities of butter. Modern Icelanders are descendants of Norse Vikings and, like their Norwegian cousins, they are a fish-eating race. The sea around their island home teems with cod and herring, halibut and haddock; their streams are alive with salmon and trout. It was to the abundance of its fish, and not to the magnificence of its ice-capped domes, that Iceland owes its name. The story goes that one of the first visitors, back in the ninth century, a Viking named Flóki, became so engrossed in the fishing that he forgot to cut the hay. And so, during the winter his livestock all starved to death. Thor- oughly disgruntled, he waited for spring. Then he climbed a mountain.



*Making butter in
an old-fashioned churn*

Seeing a fjord still filled with ice floes, in his disgust he named the country Iceland.

The meat is less varied than the fish.

A specialty that would appeal to any food fancier is whale steak with gravy, a superb dish that tastes somewhat like beef. Lamb and mutton have usually been plentiful, for, next to fishing sheep-raising is the principal industry. Unfortunately, for some years the flocks in parts of the country were stricken with disease and had to be killed off. They are, however, recovering, and lamb and mutton are more plentiful. Beef is also to be had, but practically no pork. Occasionally, as a novelty, the Borg, the largest hotel in Reykjavik, gets a little reindeer meat from the herd that roams the wilds of southeastern Iceland. Only occasionally, however, for this herd of between 2,000 and 3,000 head, is the only one in the country and is protected by the game laws. A maximum of 80 males may be shot each year.

As for fowl, one seldom gets chicken because the natives raise chickens chiefly for their eggs. But there are roasted wild black gulls with dark meat and a gamey taste, and in season, ptarmigan. The eggs of the eider duck, which breeds on the small islands around the coast, are good eating. The ducks themselves are too valuable a source of income to be used as food. But sea-fowl of various kinds, which swarm on some of the coastal areas, notably in the Westman Islands, were long a great source of food supply. For centuries the natives, isolated from the rest of the world and compelled to live on what resources the country provided, engaged extensively in fowling and gathering the eggs laid by these birds on the narrow ledges of sheer, precipitous cliffs. In this hazardous occupation a man would drop down along the cliff on a rope fastened securely at



Cooking blood and liver puddings over an old-fashioned hearth—by the light of a whale-oil lamp.

the top and would gather the eggs in the pockets of a special apron tied about his waist. Fortunately, imports are now more plentiful, and this risky business is no longer a necessity. Men who can perform the stunt grow fewer year by year. Even the Westman Islanders, once great experts at it, now have difficulty finding anyone among their number for the demonstration at their special festivities.

For the sake of variety, I looked

around for the old Icelandic foods. I found them served every evening at the "cold table" at Vöga, a restaurant on the Skólavörðustigur, also at some of the hotels. There was *hverabrauð* (hot-spring bread), so called because it is baked on the edges of the hot springs that send up clouds of steam here and there in Iceland; also other specialties, including raw sun-cured codfish served with butter, and shark's meat. The latter, buried in the ground for months,



Codfish spread out to dry on the rocks

tastes like a very sharp cheese.

If in America we process every part of the hog but the squeal, in Iceland they process all of the sheep but the "baa". Smoked mutton takes the place of our holiday turkey. Blood pudding, liver pudding, *kæsa* (spiced meat loaf) and *rúllupylsa* (spiced flank roll) are used as cold cuts. Typically Icelandic are sheep's heads singed to a coal black and boiled. Before the days of mechanical refrigeration, they were preserved in sour whey, which, by the way, was formerly a favorite thirst quencher in the rural districts. One now sees great pans of them in the grocery stores in Reykjavik. They appear at the "cold tables" disguised as meat loaves.

To serve with their meals, Icelanders have only a few vegetables to choose

from. As a matter of fact, they have never been fond of vegetables. They do, however, like potatoes and have a special tasty variety, small with yellowish flesh, which they eat boiled and buttered. They also have long raised rutabagas and cabbage. In their language a vegetable garden is a *kálgarður* or cabbage garden. But thanks to the hot springs, new and exotic varieties have been added to their menu. Ingólfur Arnarson, the first settler, who gave the capital its name Reykjavik, or Smoky Bay, because of the clouds of steam he saw rising from those very hot springs, little suspected that they would one day change the eating habits of the nation. That is what they are doing. Now, in greenhouses heated by underground water, tomatoes, cu-



Piling up sun-dried codfish

cumbers, carrots, cauliflower and other vegetables are raised in quantity and find a ready market. Some growers are even attempting to cultivate fruit—grapes and bananas, and are experimenting with pineapples and oranges. These are, however, still too expensive for the ordinary budget.

If you insist on a dessert, you will find the dried-fruit puddings delicious. *Skyr*, the national favorite, is literally a "dish fit for a king." So pleased was the Queen of Denmark with its delectable flavor that she introduced it into the cuisine at the Danish Court, or so I was told. Wholesome as well as good, this creamy milk-curd product is enjoyed by everyone from babies to grandparents and is reputed to be responsible, at least partially, for the in-

credible roses in the cheeks of the Icelandic children. Similar to yogurt, but more delicious, it is served, finely sieved, in a soup plate with cream and; in season, blueberries or the tiny black crowberries picked in the lava fields.

Icelanders seldom serve bread with their meals, except breakfast. They save much of their flour for their beloved cakes.

These are featured at the afternoon and evening "coffees", as are also open-faced sandwiches or *smúrt brauð*, (buttered bread), topped with cheese, meat, fish, egg, or slices of cucumber or tomato. At these "coffees" the natives satisfy their sweet tooth. Among delicacies I sampled at such functions were cream cake, so called because piled



Bananas growing in a greenhouse at Hveragerði

high with mounds of whipped cream; *pönnukökur*, large thin pancakes, folded in quarters with whipped cream and jam inside; *kleinur*, small oblong fried cakes, and waffles served with jam made of the currants from the bushes that form ornamental hedges around the yards. Also *Vínarterta* (Vienna cake), a long-time favorite which the Icelandic housewife always seems to have on hand. This cake comes in several thin layers, with jam or sweetened prune pulp, instead of icing, between. Cut in attractive ribbon-like pieces and laid flat on the plate, it is both delicious to the taste and pleasing to the eye.

Coffee is, of course, served at these affairs, as well as at regular meals. Tea is also available. But as in all Scandinavia, so in Iceland, coffee is the

national drink. The Icelanders like it strong. They often top off a meal with what is known as *molakaffi*, a cup of coffee into which a sugar lump is dunked and consumed along with the brew.

It is at the afternoon and evening "coffees" that one experiences the warmth of Icelandic hospitality. Nowhere else did I get a more genuine welcome than at the home of a perfect stranger, relative of a friend of mine, who lives in the hot-spring area near the capital. After serving a delicious afternoon "coffee", our hostess showed us around. She had a private swimming pool fed by thermal springs, and a small greenhouse heated by the same source. Here she grew vegetables and flowers of many varieties. I mar-

veled at her foot-long cucumbers and her rosy-cheeked tomatoes. She had the best grove of trees I saw in Iceland, outside an arboretum. Her husband, she said, had planted the saplings twenty years ago to prove that the Icelandic landscape need not be as treeless as it now is.

Everywhere in Iceland I met with

warm hospitality. And so it was with genuine gratitude that, following the Icelandic custom, I rose and shook hands with my host and hostess after every meal, saying *Þökk fyrir matinn*, ("Thank you for the food"). The kindly sincerity of their customary reply, *Verði þér að góðu*, ("May it nourish you"), will never be forgotten.

Mekkin S. Perkins, now residing in the state of Washington, has contributed numerous articles, poems, and translations of short stories to the Review. Being of Icelandic descent, she has been especially interested in acquainting Americans with the literature of modern Iceland.





Beyond caring about the parcels of fish—

THE FISHWIVES OF COPENHAGEN

By KARIN VON DER RECKE

Drawings by Mary Priestley

TOURISTS hurriedly inspecting the historic buildings of Old Copenhagen often bypass the fishwives encamped on Gammel Strand opposite the Thorvaldsen Museum:

"Yes, those ancient dames are still there," chuckling, at each other and peddling their fish, in the very heart of the city, just as they were back in A. D. 1477, when their site was recorded as a "fish market south of the Church of the Holy Spirit"! The market has changed location many times in the course of the years, but the present market at Gammel Strand, near

Amagertorv, has been in the very same place since 1857.

A century ago butchers' stalls were still to be found in Nicolai Square and the story goes that the men who used to go down to the Gammel Strand quarter on Sunday mornings to be shaved, would first buy meat in the square or fish at the fish market. It is also said that their parcels were often left behind at the barber's because they ran into so many old friends with whom they could have a glass of beer in one of the numerous alehouses. Glass often followed glass, until they



"There's lovely eel today!"

were beyond caring about the parcels of fish intended for Sunday dinner. A few of them—rather under the weather—would then appear once more before the fishwives to buy a fresh lot of fish, and the ensuing exchange of words was not exactly honeyed on either side. Indeed, these good women have never been at a loss for a reply.

They have generally been known as "the Skovsers", a name probably derived from the fact that fishermen of Skovshoved (a little village north of Copenhagen) and Taarbæk in the middle of the last century were privileged by Royal Charter to sell fish at an allotted spot in Gammel Strand. They could either sail their boats direct from Skovshoved to Gammel Strand, or drive their horses and carts into the city and sell the live fish from vats. It would be a mistake to imagine that the men were doing business on their own. From early times the women managed to be well to the fore. A whole army of them soon took over the sale of fish and they have kept it up to the present day. Their language might be coarse, but they were full of kindness and humor and were well aware that a joke might expedite a sale. Better salespeople were not to be found in the whole of Copenhagen.

And they are there still, basking alongside Copenhagen's oldest buildings. Summer or winter, in fine weather, sleet or rain, these women of broad beam sit on their boxes of fish from 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning until 11 or 12 noon. And they are certainly not very ordinary persons. Most of them are no longer young, but nothing can keep them from the fish market as long as they can get there, in one manner or another. Siren calls assail

the passersby—"What about taking a few herrings home to the gov'nor?" one of them shouts cheerfully to a 15-year-old-boy as he goes past. Or, "Just come on close, the fish won't bite you. There's lovely eel today! All alive-o!" Which when the lady takes no notice is followed by "You dam well needn't then". It seems to be a rude remark on the surface until one notices the smile and the wink which turn it into a goodnatured sally.

Just sitting there on a box, selling fish and looking picturesque may seem easy enough, but is really very far from the truth. It is pleasant perhaps in the summer when the warm sun touches the world with gold, but in the biting cold of winter it must be a hard job: indeed. Then the bluff fishwives look like animated clothes-bundles, and they wear their heavy wooden-soled shoes, but even with straw-shoes on the outside or with their legs in a box of straw, they have difficulty in keeping warm.

But rarely does a fishwife seem downhearted. Sitting in front of their round baskets and chatting together, these women turn the fish market into a family affair. The older dames are well into their seventies, and Marje, the oldest of them all is 84. She has been at the market for more than 68 years and still maintains that she cannot do without the bustle and activity one meets there. In her youth, she says, she used to leave her home in Skovshoved at 5 every morning carrying a heavy basket of fish on her back. Asked if this was not far too hard work, she answers, "Of course it wasn't! We were a lot of young lasses who used to keep each other company and it was all right. When we got to



Not past a wink yet—

Gammel Strand we were sent into town with a basket full of fish and strict instructions not to come back with less than two kroner for the contents of the basket. That was in the nineties! A single fish costs more than two kroner nowadays." She adds with a smile "Times were different then!"

Times were different indeed. The fishwives certainly no longer mount staircase after staircase to offer their fish at every door.

Karla is another splendid representative of the fishwives. In 1950 she was fortunate enough to win a trip to Paris in a newspaper competition. Her picturesque national costume created quite a stir in the French capital, as well it might. In 1952 Karla went to Paris again with 16 representatives of different trades. This trip, too, gave the fishwives much to talk about. Asked how she surmounted the language difficulties Karla promptly replies "I'm not past a wink yet. I got along all right with signs and it was a lovely trip." Now she is back again in her old place selling fish. "What about a gar-pike? Or a couple o' plaice for the better half? Come and have a look!

There's plenty to choose from."

If the fishwives are asked who is the artist responsible for the sturdy, rather massive figure of a fishwife in granite set up as a symbol alongside the canal, they all display total ignorance. It is their particular way of showing disapproval. They do not like the figure, they consider it clumsy and uninteresting. A racy comment from one of them is, "Much more life in us! We're not like that cannon ball." And they are right. What characterizes the whole market is the very manner of the fishwives, their individuality, their gaiety and their liveliness—and all this is lacking in the heavy granite figure.

All visitors to Gammel Strand will agree that the fishmarket beside the old canal has a charm of its own. Unfortunately, there is some talk that the market in time will have to be moved to another location to make room for new buildings, but it nevertheless seems certain that for the next five years the market, its staunch fishwives, and their unusual selling methods will remain in their present spot—one of the unusual tourist attractions of Copenhagen!

Karin von der Recke is a Danish author and journalist.



"The Salt of Life" or the Martyr Tapestry. Flanking the figure of Jesus Christ, Hans Nielsen Hauge is portrayed on the right, Kaj Munk at the feet of Christ, and Norwegian war prisoners on the left.

HANNAH RYGGEN

By TORA BØHN

SINCE the last war Americans have become acquainted with many European artists and their work, both through travel abroad, and through exhibitions that have come to the United States. Among the many major artists who have been introduced to Americans is the tapestry weaver Hannah Ryggen of Norway.

Those familiar with Mrs. Ryggen's achievements during the past thirty years followed the recent American tour of her tapestries with considerable interest. This exhibit was sponsored by the Travelling Exhibition Service of the Smithsonian Institution, under the supervision of Mrs. John A. Pope and with the expert advice and assistance of Mr. Odd Hølaas, at that time Norway's cultural counselor in Washington, D. C. During the year 1955-56 this representative exhibit of Mrs. Ryggen's

work, containing no less than 22 large-size tapestries, was shown in Chicago; Akron, Ohio; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Columbia, South Carolina; San Francisco; Seattle; and Winnipeg, Canada. And everywhere the exhibits were well attended.

But in spite of her work being so widely shown we do not know very much about the actual reaction of critics and public. Perhaps this was to be expected, since it is no doubt rather difficult for an artist representing a country with old weaving traditions to appeal to and create a feeling of appreciation among the sightseers in big cities in America where there is hardly any knowledge of an art based on handloom and wool.

This may be due to the generally low standards of professional art criticism in American newspapers—com-

pared with Scandinavian newspapers. Ordinary reports of the vernisage events were printed, but that type of report has small value as criticism. In spite of the efforts of the sponsors, it was not possible, as far as is known, to procure a real critical comment, bad or good, on the Hannah Ryggen exhibition from places other than Winnipeg and Seattle. (Winnipeg, *The Tribune*, February 23, 1956 and Seattle, *Post-Intelligencer*, May 8, 1956). In both these cases the art reviewers were positive, even impressed and filled with overwhelming enthusiasm. George Swinton in the *Tribune* wrote (extract): "Not since I saw some years ago a series of large retrospective exhibitions of such great artists as Van Gogh, Rouault, Cézanne, and a few others; have I been moved so much by the presentation of the artist's work as I was by the tapestries of Hannah Ryggen.—I can not understand why Hannah Ryggen's name is not better known. For she is a great artist.—Her designs are miracles of convincing communication and sheer beauty. This is of course the real reason why she is so great an artist,—this beauty of hers and her giving us a message. Yet strangely enough the message which she gives does not convince us by intelligibility (or readability in a literary sense) of the symbols she uses but rather by the suggestiveness of the forms and colors and, most of all, by an overwhelming feeling of earnestness and of urgency, yet of solemnity which speak a very telling language.—" This comment on the art of Hannah Ryggen seems to me to encompass a fairly correct understanding and appreciation; and I know that the artist herself appreciated this evidence of a deep-felt understanding

of her weaving art.

Ann Faber in the *Post-Intelligencer* wrote (extract): "The tapestries are vigorous, sophisticated examples of weaving graduation from a craft to an art. They are also things of great beauty.—Their most obvious likeness is to stained glass windows—the result of the glowing reds and strong blues and of the angular boundaries of the weaver's scope.—"

Mrs. Ryggen also received letters of appreciation from unknown Americans,—ordinary exhibition visitors who felt impelled to express the feeling of rich adventure and revelation which she had given them.

Hannah Ryggen has now passed her 60th year. She has indeed won fame and recognition, but there were many years of hard struggle, economic difficulties, and lack of understanding. As a young teacher in Sweden, where she was born, she started to study art with the intention of becoming a painter. These studies led to a trip to Germany; there she made the acquaintance of, and later married, the Norwegian painter Hans Ryggen. He brought her to his home on the rough western coast of Norway not far from Trondheim, and in this isolated place she has lived for more than thirty years. It was far from a life of luxury—not until the end of the last world war were such modern comforts as running water, electricity, and telephone installed in her home. Her life has been a constant struggle and hard work—farming, cattle raising, taking care of house and garden and of a daughter in poor health. For these reasons it is impressive to see what this industrious couple have managed to create within their respective fields.



Hannah Ryggen

He painted landscapes, flower motifs, and interiors with coloristic talent, — she made her own dyes for her homespun yarn of wool and linen, and taught herself weaving technique until she reached a high technical and artistic standard. And in that moment the weaving art of Hannah Ryggen was created with all its distinctive character, in composition, colors, and choice of motifs.

From her previous art studies she had a sound knowledge of drawing, composition, and colors, but nevertheless it is not her practice to make an

actual design for her tapestries. She has a highly developed imagination and ability to visualize things, and in order to render her vision or idea as fresh and spontaneous as possible she does not want to transfer it through cartoons. She seems to be especially gifted in being able to weave directly from memory and imagination.

Some of her motifs are purely decorative, without any figurative contents, but most of her production consists of figure compositions with social, historical, and a few religious motifs. It is also very characteristic of her technique and



"Peter Dass", a tapestry honoring both the famous poet and pastor (on the left) and the Norwegian fisherman (on the right).

of her work that she always makes her designs in the two-dimensional plane. She never draws her figures in perspective or tries to create the illusion of the third dimension; she designs only large and distinct, decorative planes with strong and clear colors. These aspects of her art have points of resemblance with old Norwegian weaving tradition, which is quite different from the Continental European gobelin traditions. Moreover, she prefers to make rather large-size tapestries. The motifs are often a mixture of realism and a simplified and easily understood symbolism. At the same time, one may find that there is a relationship between the weaving art of Hannah Ryggen and modern painting. She has not done any painting herself for a long time, however, for working with the yarn of wool and linen provides her with a joy of material and a feeling of being close to nature which she otherwise could not experience.

In spite of her isolated life Hannah Ryggen has always been a close observer of new developments in literature, politics, and art. Many of her motifs are inspired by actual events, as for instance, the war in Ethiopia, the Spanish Civil War, and also the last world conflagration. It is the problems of human beings, the very fate and destiny of humanity which concern her so deeply that she is forced to give expression to it through her peculiar art. Therefore, many of her tapestries are veritable human documents, but they are at the same time brilliant works of art by virtue of their intense colors, their form and composition.

Since the late 1930's her work at the loom has continuously increased in quantity and artistic quality. Quite understandably the last war and the occupation of Norway were a tremendous influence on the work of such a sensitive person as Hannah Ryggen.

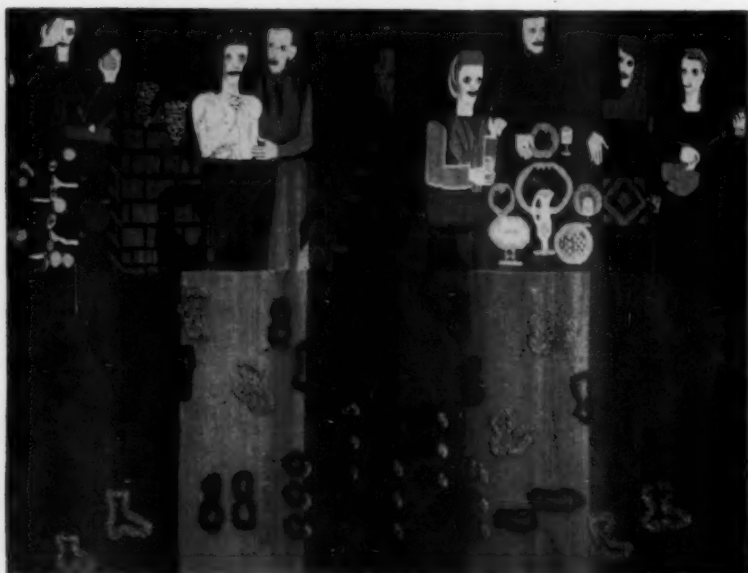


"Grini", a tapestry woven in 1945 to commemorate the horrors of the prison camp and the dream of freedom.

Several of her tapestries have become grand monuments to the victims of war. Many of them also ridicule and satirize Hitler and his adherents. Her courage and fighting spirit were unequalled; these "war" tapestries were made while her home was virtually surrounded by German troops, since her locality had been found to be of strategic importance. The two years which her husband spent in a concentration camp quite naturally gave even more nourishment to the flame of freedom

which was burning in her heart. In the year 1945 this hope of freedom triumphed in the motifs and sparkling colors of her tapestry, "Grini".

After the war she turned from farming and cattle-raising in order to devote her full time and powers to her weaving. And an impressive series of tapestries resulted: "Mother's Heart" 1947, "The One Free" 1948, "Use of Hands" 1949, "Trojan Horse" 1949, "Hymn to Norway" 1950, "Local Gods" 1951, "Mr. Atom" 1952, "Ludvig Kar-



"The Prodigal Son", a tapestry by Hannah Ryggen which won a silver medal at the exhibition in Milan in 1954.

sten" 1953, "Swan" 1954, "Lauritz Sand" 1955, "Jul Kvale" 1955, and a pendant to "Trojan Horse" in 1956.

Because she personally attended to all the preliminary work with the yarns and always wove without assistants, there has seldom been time for more than one large tapestry a year. The weaving of several small tapestries, as gifts to friends and to decorate her own home also has required much time and material. Though Hannah Ryggen does not raise sheep any longer, she still spins the major part of the wool she uses. All the raw materials from trees, heather, and lichen must be gathered in from wood and highland. And she never could think of having the dyeing of the yarn done by other people, because of the special methods she has

devised through long experience.

During the post-war years there have been many exhibitions of her tapestries in Norway, and in 1946 she was invited to show her work in Copenhagen. In 1948 she received invitations from Stockholm, Gothenburg and Malmö. The art critics all praised her unique art and the beauty of her colors. Together with some well-known Norwegian painters and sculptors she exhibited in Petit Palais in Paris in 1954. Hannah Ryggen has also taken part in larger art exhibitions within the Scandinavian countries and even at the Triennale in Milan in 1954. In 1956 one of her tapestries, "Trojan Horse", was included in a traveling exhibition, "Contemporary European Tapestry".

sponsored by the Contemporary Arts Association in U.S.A.

A Swedish art critic has called Hannah Ryggen "a spiritual seismograph for the events of our time." This, perhaps, is the reason why her tapestries make such an impact even on those who do not possess a trained eye for the values of composition and color in works of art. To those with a technical and esthetic training her weaving

art is a source of rich and lasting impressions. A professional American weaver saw the tapestries of Hannah Ryggen for the first time in 1956 and wrote the following: "It is so seldom that we see here an expression of a beautiful, turbulent, and luxurious kind of life—a life of insight and understanding, of warmth and broadness, of heights and depths. And is not that what we want art to be?"

Tora Bøhn is the Curator of the North Norwegian Museum of Arts and Crafts in Trondheim, Norway.



THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF AND OTHER TALES

A REVIEW ARTICLE.

By GUDRUN E. MATEJKA

Scandinavian Legends and Folk-tales. By GWYN JONES. Oxford University Press. 1956. 222 pp. Price \$3.50.

The Three Billy-Goats Gruff. By MARCIA BROWN. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1957. 32 pp. Price \$3.00.

Tales on the North Wind. By BENJAMIN THORPE AND THOMAS KEIGHTLEY. Roy Publishers. 1956. 125 pp. Price \$2.50.

More Tales from Norway. By NORA D. CHRISTIANSON. Vantage Press. 1956. 153 pp. Price \$2.95.

Little O. By EDITH UNNERSTAD. Macmillan. 1957. 150 pp. Price \$2.50.

Pippi Goes on Board. By ASTRID LINDGREN. Viking Press. 1957. 140 pp. Price \$2.00.

Mio, My Son. By ASTRID LINDGREN. Viking Press. 1956. 179 pp. Price \$2.50.

TO THOSE of us who have been brought up on the folk and fairy tales of Scandinavia, it is indeed gratifying to know that many of these tales have for years been read and loved also by American children. This holds true, of course, not only for the fairy tales produced by Hans Christian Andersen's imagination, but also for the genuine old folk tales and in later years for the many excellent children's books being written and published in Scandinavia. During the last year or two several new English translations of Scandinavian folk and fairy tales as well as ordinary children's books have been published, some of which merit mention in this review and are sure to be enjoyed tremendously by the children of America.

The Norwegian story-tellers Asbjørnsen and Moe were the first to retell the story about the three Billy-Goats Gruff who were to go up the hillside to make themselves fat and who had to cross a river where a great ugly troll lived. This exciting story ends, of course, happily: the big Billy-Goat smashes the troll to pieces.—This is one of the favorite tales among Scandinavian children, especially for those in the stage of the so-called "fairy-tale age", between 4 and 6, at which time they want their stories read or preferably told to them over and over again—and heaven help him who changes trip-trap to trippety-trip or vice versa.

Gwyn Jones' version of the three goats is most charming and humorous. There is a slight alteration, for the better, though, we must confess! The canny Welshman has taken the liberty to introduce the magic "three", where it was not before: "On their way up there was a brook, and over the brook was a bridge, and under this bridge lived a great ugly troll, with eyes like saucers, ears like jug-handles, and a nose like a long, thick poker." His "littlest" and "middling" Billy-Goats will draw forth many a child's smile! The charm of a real fairy tale lies very often in the inscrutable and the incomprehensible. There must be some words one does not exactly understand.

In Jones' collection of tales and legends one finds also the well-known

"East of the Sun and West of the Moon" and "The Giant who Had No Heart in His Body". In addition to princes and trolls he tells about the land of fire and ice and about Nordic kings and heroes. "The Dog King in Denmark" is one of the pearls.

Marcia Brown, Caldecott Award winner, has succeeded in drawing an extremely ugly Norwegian troll in her picture book about the three billy-goats. It may be a little bit frightening for a child to actually see bits and pieces of the troll being tossed in the air after the fight with the biggest goat. But children don't mind, though; the evil has to be destroyed. And this troll was fresher than Asbjørnsen's, being halfway up on the bridge, almost grabbing the legs of the poor animals. The last page with its green hillside is, on the other hand, so peaceful that children won't have any bad dreams.

"Gudbrand of the Mountain-side" in Thorpe's and Keightley's *Tales on The North Wind* is an old friend of American children as it was first published in Thorpe's *Yule Tide Stories* in 1853. Gudbrand's wife was the ideal woman; she never contradicted her husband. Not even when he returned from the market without the cow, which he had exchanged for a horse and the horse for a pig, and the pig for a goat, the goat for a sheep, the sheep for a goose, the goose for a cock which he sold for twelve coppers and bought some food and ate it up on the way because he was hungry.

More *Tales from Norway*, by Nora D. Christianson includes the priceless "Mumbly Goose-Egg". It is the story about an ugly little creature coming from a goose-egg, who had too big an appetite for his five quarreling step-

mothers and had to leave the house. He managed all-right but when the king's men shot cannon at him and when one cannon ball snapped, the bread right from between his fingers, he became angry and shouted: "Shame on you! Do you mean to take my food right out of my hands with those blueberries you're blowing about out of your peashooters?" The king was afraid of him and wanted to get rid of him, so he sent him on an errand "that just wasn't!" As for instance, to go to the Old Ugly Himself and collect a debt. Mumbly found a man named Old Ugly Himself. And following his adventures at Troll Castle, Mumbly through his pluck and through his kind disposition became a "fine-looking person" and married the king's daughter!

"Little O" is the youngest of the Larsson family, which we first met in Edith Unnerstad's *The Saucepan Journey* and *Pysen*. The family was at that time too large for their small Stockholm apartment and they had to sleep everywhere, in drawers, closets, bookcases, and on the ironing board in the kitchen. Finally they went on the road with two brewery horses they had inherited from a nice uncle and settled down in a small town where the housing problem was not so bad.

"Little O's" real name is Ophelia, —she was given this name because her mother, who was an actress in her youth, almost played Ophelia. "Little O" is very sad because everybody in her family has had a little brother or a little sister, but she hasn't anybody. She pretends that the cat is her baby brother and takes him for a walk in the baby carriage. After many escapades she returns home with a smashed buggy and a furious cat and she realizes that

baby brothers and sisters after all are such a bother. Louis Slobodkin has illustrated these pleasant adventures of "Little O".

Astrid Lindgren's *Mio My Son* has a little of Peter Pan and much of Astrid Lindgren herself. Karl Anders Nilsson from Stockholm disappears and nobody can find him, not even the police. No wonder, because he is in Faraway-land with his father the King, who calls him Mio. This Mio is a sweet and tender contrast to the well-known burlesque *Pippi Longstocking*, who has made Astrid Lindgren famous and beloved by Swedish children of today.

Pippi was used to doing whatever she wanted, and she got along beautifully with neither a father nor a mother. Nobody told her when to go to bed, so Pippi told herself, but never until around ten o'clock. When she slept, she always had her feet on the pillow and her head way under the covers. Pippi was rich as a troll and had a whole suitcase full of gold coins. She lived all by herself in a house with her monkey and her horse on the porch. Nowhere in the world was there anyone half so strong as she was, and she could carry her horse in her arms. *Pippi Goes On Board* is the second book recently translated about this extraordinary child, and Pippi, whose real name is Pippilotta Delicatessa Windowshade Mackrelmint Efraim's

Daughter Longstocking, has as much fun as ever with her friends Tommy and Annika. Once they went shopping and in a window was a sign which read: "Do you suffer from freckles?" whereupon the freckled Pippi entered the shop shouting: "I don't suffer from freckles, I love them. If you should happen to get in any salve that gives people more freckles, then you can send me seven or eight jars". After all it is difficult to know how to behave when one's mother already is an angel and one's father is sailing somewhere in the South Seas. Pippi's father does come back in this book. He didn't drown after all, because he was too fat. After a farewell party, when it was time for Pippi to go on board with her father, she changed her mind at the last minute, deciding it is best for a child to have a decent home instead of sailing around on the sea.

American children, especially girls, will love the books about Pippi, but the tale about Mio is perhaps more difficult even for the so-called unusual children to grasp. They will never understand from the story that Mio in reality is Karl Anders Nilsson sitting on a bench in the park dreading to go home, because he dislikes his foster-parents. No, they will be convinced that Mio is in Faraway-land with his father the King and that "all is well with Mio".

Gudrun Ebenfelt Matejka, former Librarian of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, has made a special study of books for children, both in the original Scandinavian and in English translation.

FIRST SORROW

A Chapter in the Saga of a Poet

By HALLDÓR KILJAN LAXNESS

Translated from the Icelandic by Kenneth G. Chapman

HE IS standing with the plovers and sandpipers on the beach below the farm and is watching the waves sweep in and out. Perhaps he is shirking. He is a foster-child and therefore the life within his breast is a world of its own, of different blood, unrelated to others, he is part of no one, but stands without and it is often empty around him and he long ago began to yearn for an unknown consolation. This slender boy with its gently undulating sand and the small blue shells and the cliffs on one side and the green cape on the other, this is his friend. It is called Ljósavík.

Had he, then, no one to turn to, was no one good to him except this little bay? No, no one. But no one was really mean to him either, so that he had to fear for his life; that did not come until later. When he was teased, the teasing was only in fun, the difficulty was to learn how to take it. When he was beaten, the beating was of necessity, that was justice.

On the other hand, many things made no difference to him, fortunately. For example, when the older brother Nasi, who owned many sheep and a boat, threw a basinful of water over his mother Kamarilla as she was going

down the ladder one evening, it made no difference to him. But when the younger brother Júst, who also owned some sheep and a boat, amused himself by grabbing him by the ear because it was so much fun to find out how much the dear little fellow could stand, that made a difference, unfortunately. They cut holes down through the riverbank up in the valley in the spring-time and reached through and caught trout and then threw the living fish at the boy as he toddled unsuspectingly around and shouted: "It'll bite you!" Then he became afraid. They thought it was fun. In the evening they would leave the trout in an old bucket right beside his bed. He thought that there was a devil in the pail. In the evening when he wanted to sneak downstairs, frightened to death, to his foster-mother for protection, the brothers said: "The trout'll jump out and bite you!"

"They're only teasing you," said Karitas the widow housekeeper, mother of Kristjana the maid.

Then the boy did not know whom he should believe. He could never completely depend on anything that Karitas and her daughter said. They were very fish-eyed. Once he had been sent to fetch a horse and had forgotten all about it. He had been thinking about God and looking at two birds wading in the sand. It should naturally not be necessary to say that he was beaten

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story constitutes the first chapter of "Heimsljós" or "World Light", one of the best known novels of Halldór Kiljan Laxness.

for having shirked. And while his foster-mother was taking the switch out from under the pillow, Karitas had found it necessary to say: "That's just what that damn little good-for-nothing deserves." Her daughter Jana added: "Yes, always shirking!"

But when he was whipped, he was never whipped very badly, just a little, for the righteousness of God is unescapable. God chastises all who shirk. His foster-mother had finished whipping him and he pulled up his trousers and dried his tears and snuffed up his nose. She went downstairs and began preparing supper. Then Karitas came and stroked his cheek with her hand and said: "God doesn't care, little fellow, He hardly has time to bother Himself about it." Jana dug down into her pocket and took out a small piece of warm, half-melted candy which she had stolen from the pantry that morning:—"Hurry up and chew that and swallow it and I'll kill you if you tell anyone." They were nice and loving and fair like that because they had seen him whipped, and when they were nice to him he did not think that they were very fish-eyed. They were never mean to him when no one was listening.

Magnina, the daughter of the house, taught him to read, they had some old tattered readers. She sat over him like a tyrant and pointed to the letters with a knitting-needle. She boxed his ears if he said the same letter wrong three times in a row, but never very hard and never maliciously, always as if she were thinking about something else, and it made no difference to him. She was fat and stern, with a bluish face, and the dog sneezed when it sniffed her. She wore two pairs of thick stockings because her feet were constantly cold,

the outer pair was always down around her ankles, the inner pair was also sometimes down. She never teased him just for her own pleasure and, never told lies about him just to get him in trouble, never particularly took it out on him if she were in a bad mood and never told him to go to the devil. But she never came to his aid when he was teased or beaten unjustly, never took his part if lies were told about him, and was never gay. On the other hand, she could sometimes absent-mindedly show him small kindnesses.

They had salt-fish for dinner and for supper they had mush and sours with bits of lung in it; sometimes for supper they had only sours and milk. The days were very long and it was hazy and there was a light fall of snow on the mountain on the other side of the fjord; she was alone in the loft with the boy and it seemed that life would never end and never grow brighter. Then she went down to the pantry and got a piece of sausage or pickled lamb's-breast. The boy drooled on the reader and she boxed his ears and asked him if he were spitting on the book. Then she would give him a bit of lamb's-breast, not out of love, but just as if it were the natural thing to do. He had a nice feeling in his mouth and throat, and his whole body for a little while.

He read the Folk Tales when he was eight years old, Bishop Pétur's Anecdotes and the Gospel of Luke, which made him cry because Jesus was such a poor man. On the other hand, he could never become accustomed to regarding the Book of Sermons as a book. He wanted very much to read more, but there were no more books, except one, the Felsenburg-Sagas, which Mag-

nina had inherited from her father. No one was allowed to read that book except she; it was a secret book. He wanted very, very much to read the Felsenburg Sagas, and all the books in the world except the Book of Sermons.

"If you mention the Felsenburg Sagas once more, I'll whip you," said the girl.

He early suspected that in the Felsenburg Sagas, in particular and in books in general was to be found the unknown consolation for which he longed but which he could not name.

Magnina showed him how to write, but just once, because she was not supposed to take time for that, it took her so long, to make just one letter. There was no paper, either, and even if there had been they could not have wasted it. He secretly scratched in the dirt or snow with a twig, but he was forbidden to do that and they said that he would write himself into Hell. So he had to write on his soul.

Kamarilla, his foster-mother, was the arch-enemy of all literature. When it became apparent that the boy had an unnatural longing to bury himself in letters, she told him, as a warning, the story of G. Grímsson Grunnvíkingur. He did not call himself Guðmundur Grímsson like other people, but abbreviated his real name and took an extra name like the men of affairs. It was an awful story. G. Grímsson Grunnvíkingur was a worthless poet and wrote a hundred books. He was a terrible man. When he was young he refused to get married, but still was father to thirty children. He hated people and wrote about them. He had written

many books about innocent people who had never done him any harm. No one wanted to have anything to do with such a man except ugly old women whom he had brought upon himself in his old age. All men get in their old age that which they have brought upon themselves. That's what comes of thinking about books. Oh, I knew him in his time, always brooding over books, never wanting to work to support himself or others, he was a scoundrel, and I was just a poor young thing. He did a little farming all by himself in a hovel on the other side of the mountains, beside another fjord, and God chastised him with leaky roofs and other curses. Now he sees the fruits of his labors. He sat in the hovel in an old leather jacket and it dripped on him; it dripped and dripped the drops fell one by one right on his bald head because he didn't want to work to support himself and others, two by two, and ran down his neck because he buried himself in books. God was chastising him. But his heart was hardened and knew no humility and he continued writing a hundred books in the glimmering of a faint oil lamp, two hundred books, and when he is dead it is plain where he'll go, for God does not like that books are written about people, only God has the right to judge people, and in addition God has Himself written the Bible, the Book in which is to be found everything that it is necessary to write; they who think about other books sit alone with an oil lamp in their old age, wretched men, and are visited by devils and demons.

But the story had an effect opposite to that intended. Instead of being an edifying parable to the boy, it was to

(NOTE: *The Felsenburg Sagas* is a German Robinsonade from the 18th Century, *Die Geschichten der Insel Felsenburg*).

him a secret token of something forbidden and fascinating; his power of imagination dwelt with doubled fervor upon books after he had heard about the castigation of the lonely sage and his hundred books. The boy often had an uncontrollable yearning to record in a hundred books all that he saw, all that was said—two hundred books, thick as books of sermons, Bibles, trunkfuls.

His name was Ólafur Kárasón and he was called Óli or Láfi. He is standing down by the bay. There were plovers and sandpipers also; they scampered several yards up on the beach in front of the surf, the foam fell about their slender legs as the wave broke, as it swept back. He was always in clothes handed down from the brothers the big men. The seat of his trousers reached down below his knees and each leg was turned up nearly ten times, his sweater hung over his fingertips, he was constantly turning up the sleeves. He had on a green felt hat which had been a fine hat in its youth before the rat got at it, it sat down over his ears and the brim rested on his shoulders. He determined to call himself Ó. Kárasón Ljósvíkingur. He addressed himself by this name and talked with himself often.

"Ó. Kárasón Ljósvíkingur, there you are," he said.

Yes, there he was.

His foster-mother had lost something and was looking for it in the rubbish-pile and the boy was standing in back of her. She fished up the shreds of an old, tattered book.

"May I have it?" asked Ó. Kárasón Ljósvíkingur.

"Ussh, no!" said Kamarilla, "For shame!"

But he managed just the same to get the book without her knowing it and stuck it under his shirt and hid it close to his heart. He tried to read it in secret, but it was written in Gothic type and the title page was missing. Everytime he thought that he had begun to understand the book, someone came, so that he had to hurry and hide the book under his shirt; he was often in great danger. What could be written in his book?

He hid his own book close to his own heart and did not know what was in it. He was determined to hide it until he had grown up. But then page after page began to fall out of it and the longer he dirtied it with his bare body, the more difficult it was to read it, it looked as if it had fallen into grease. The book often caused his heart to itch, but that made no difference. It was a great secret to own such a book; it was actually a sort of refuge, even if one did not know what was in the book. He was sure that it was a good book, and it is fun to have a secret if it is not something bad. One has enough to think about in the daytime, one dreams about it at night.

But on the first day of summer the secret was discovered. His foster-mother gave him a change of underwear after the winter, the ceremony took place in the loft in the middle of the day and he was taken by surprise. He picked off his garments one by one, his heart pounded wildly, finally he took off his shirt. There was no way to hide the book any longer. It fell on the floor.

"Well, I'll be!" she exclaimed. "The Lord have mercy on my soul; what the devil has that little scoundrel hidden in his shirt? Come here, Magnina, and just look at this!"

The boy stood before them stárk naked and terrified and they examined the book carefully.

"Who gave you this book?"

"I sort of fo-found it."

"I can imagine! It's not enough that you have a book, but you've stolen it as well. Magnína, throw that trash in the fire immediately."

Then he began to cry. Those were the first pangs of sorrow he could remember. He was sure that he had never wept so bitterly since he had been sent away from his mother in a bag, one winter-day, before he could remember

anything. Of course, he never would have understood the book, but that made no difference; that which was important was that it was his secret and his dream and his refuge. In one word: his book.

He wept as children weep, wept as do only they who suffer injustice at the hands of the powerful ones,—it is the most bitter tears on earth. Thus it went with his book; it was taken from him and burned.

He was left standing naked and bookless on the first day of summer.

Halldór Kiljan Laxness, one of Iceland's foremost writers, won the Nobel Prize in Literature for 1955. He visited the United States last year under the auspices of The American-Scandinavian Foundation.



THE GOVERNESS

By MARIKA STIERNSTEDT

Translated from the Swedish by Sven O. Karell

I.

ONE CANNOT have a governess all one's life. When Miss Bourgstén, Lilly, reached eighteen, therefore, the family of Bourgstén, the steelworks proprietor, began asking themselves, what might most suitably be done with or for the governess, Viktoria.

Viktoria had then been with the Bourgsténs for twenty years. She came when she was thirty and might just as well have been fifty even on that day, as far as her looks went, for she seemed so completely to lack youthfulness. Viktoria took charge of the daughters of the house, and she imparted to them, one after the other, all the literary culture which might be considered necessary for agreeable and wealthy young ladies. Viktoria proved to be an excellent teacher, and the family had been satisfied with her for that reason.

Gradually the girls grew up and married. At the wedding of the first, Viktoria was presented with a gold watch, at that of the second a ring with a pearl. But when it was time for the third, she was given a deposit in the bank instead. The Bourgsténs had discovered that Viktoria preferred it that way.

And now Lilly was eighteen and the Viktoria problem became acute.

They did not in any way want to be

guilty of ingratitude toward their fine governess, but to keep her on in the house was out of the question. During the twenty years that the irreplaceable Viktoria had stayed there, they had, always and despite everything, subconsciously, looked forward to the day when she would no longer be needed. They knew, and admitted her value; she was able, tactful, of exemplary conduct, without the least ogle at the male guests of the family. Though she was neither young nor beautiful, she did not at all have an unpleasant exterior. She was, as a matter of fact, faultless—that's where the fault lay. She was unchangeable, unchangeably without defect or blemish, without contours, without color.

During those twenty years the impulsive Mrs. Bourgstén could sometimes say to her husband: "Oh, Viktoria drives me mad."

"How so, dear?"

"It's not reasonable to be correct to such a degree."

"She has one fault, at any rate," the proprietor comforted his wife, "she's greedy."

Yes, thank goodness, Viktoria was greedy.

That such a faultless person as Viktoria had to be rigorously thrifty was only quite natural. Not even her old mother received any other Christmas gift than the box—liberally filled with food—which Mrs. Bourgstén arranged to send her. And when Viktoria spent her summer vacation at home and had

From *Governanten* in the short-story collection *Tio Noveller*, published by Bonnier in 1929.

to pay a little for her own keep—for her mother was in poor circumstances—instead of resting she used her time to give lessons so as to earn enough to pay for her accommodations and have a little extra.

But in the long run a person who never allows herself an unnecessary expense, never an amusement, never an innocent folly, seems to exude dust, and Mrs. Bourgstén had felt this.

The girls, despite the dust, did not dislike their Viktoria. They teased her saying: "Viktoria's boy-friend lies in the top bureau drawer and he's getting fatter every year."

The boy-friend was her bank book.

The steelworks owner and Mrs. Bourgstén were now discussing the best form for Viktoria's notice after the twenty years that had passed. They felt that she would begin looking for and would certainly also find a new position, and Viktoria probably would like to work for another ten years or so. But then comes her old age, and they were anxious to safeguard it: The Bourgsténs decided to establish a pension for her sake; and since the proprietor was a great jester, he could not refrain from indulging in a little joke at the expense of the esteemed governess. For that reason he wrote in the deed of gift: "... and as long as Miss Viktoria Gavelström remains single, she is entitled to draw ..." etc.

It did not occur to anyone in the Bourgstén house that Viktoria was capable of being anything but single to her dying day.

The deed of gift was ceremoniously presented to her one morning, just on Viktoria day, the twelfth of March, and everyone embraced and took formal leave of the governess, who seemed to

accept the homage with gravity and composure and even with a little bit of emotion.

II.

With the deed of gift in her hand Viktoria then returned to her room.

First she took out her bank book and looked at it. The little fortune she had saved up was not so insignificant, and now, with her pension in addition. . . . It afforded her great relief and satisfaction to know that she had enough to live on for the rest of her days.

But at the following words in the deed of gift "... as long as Miss Viktoria Gavelström remains single . . ." she stared for a long time.

A faultless governess, in addition to everything else, must also be able to keep quiet about her personal affairs, and Viktoria had kept quiet. The impertinent and curious girls, in the course of the years, had been able to ask a good deal in this vein: "Were you pretty when you were young, Viktoria? Did you have any suitors, Viktoria? Were you ever in love, Viktoria?" To all these questions the governess answered with equal deprecation that she had never been pretty and never had a suitor and hadn't even been in love. "Viktoria is a phenomenon," cried the children. All right, so she was a phenomenon. That the girls believed her without any doubt whatever, she understood and did not seem hurt on that account.

But Viktoria was not a phenomenon: In her separate room, the same room over which she had disposed for twenty years, she had faithfully locked her memories and herself. And just this day, the day on which the deed of gift with her pension was presented, these

memories happened to break out with an unwonted violence.

After having locked the door well behind her, Viktoria carefully took out a paper. It was not that morning's newspaper; it was over a week old. By chance she had missed it earlier and had happened to see it that morning. Her eyes had then fallen on a certain notice which at once made her hands tremble and her forehead damp and caused her heart to pound painfully hard.

Viktoria now unfolded the paper and read. It was a death notice. Former principal Ernfrid Sommar's wife, Anna Johanna Ester, had passed away in her fifty-ninth year, mourned by her husband, her daughter and son-in-law, grandchildren, friends and relatives. She had died in the out-of-the-way little town in northern Sweden where her husband had resided as a school principal for quarter of a century, and this day, on the twelfth of March, on Viktoria day, was the day of her funeral.

Viktoria looked at her watch. At this exact moment, probably, they gathered in the house of grief, the bells began to ring, friends crowded around the widower, pressed his hands. Their daughter with her husband and children must have made the journey from Stockholm. . . . The last time Viktoria saw the daughter, she had been only a child. Her childish arms had clasped Viktoria's neck, her childish voice had expressed babbling grief because Viktoria was leaving. Behind the little girl, meanwhile, had stood the mother who was now dead, Mrs. Anna Johanna Ester and as politeness demands when someone comes to take leave, said: "Now, don't forget us, dear."

Thereupon the principal, Ernfrid Sommar, had accompanied her to the train alone.

"Don't forget," he had said; "Viktoria, despite everything don't forget me."

"Never."

"Darling," he had murmured.

When the train began moving, when the station platform was slipping away and his figure disappeared and was gone, this word had continued to hum in her ears: *Darling*. What a word! A tremendous word. Laden with immeasurable sweetness, deliciousness, agony and tragedy; it had entered her head, penetrated her memory, anchored there, and had never since that time ceased to live on in there.

It was while Viktoria had been employed as an extra teacher for a semester, at principal Sommar's school, that she had learned to know him. He had noticed her, her extraordinary exactitude, her dutifulness; he was attracted to her and one day he began talking to her about his life, about himself and his marriage—nothing but the appearance of a true marriage, he assured her. But his wife had money and he had debts, and his wife was sickly; and because of her illness, he could never think of leaving. He loved Viktoria, it was bad enough to express it, but he hadn't been able to hold the feeling back; it had grown too strong for him; he admitted it: They had snatched a few stealthy meetings, he and she, but they had not been able to keep them secret enough, and his friends warned him. His wife must be spared. Viktoria must leave.

His wife could not live much longer. The doctors had condemned her to death. To be sure, principal Sommar

was not the kind of man who, even with the shadow of a wish, dwells on the idea of a wife's death as the happy solution of a problem. Viktoria could not have loved such a man. But the thought had brushed past them both.

Now twenty years had passed since then, twenty years without a greeting, without a letter. Both had agreed not to write, not to stir into the agony of the heart. And as the years passed Viktoria gradually ceased to consider it likely that he would still remember her. She remembered—but that was probably all. One day she had seen in the paper that the daughter had married, and another day that the principal and his wife were celebrating their silver wedding. She had clipped out the notices and saved them. No one in the Bourgstén family suspected, no one must suspect, that the highly esteemed Viktoria, the personification of correctness and drabness, could be sitting in her solitude not only with a bank book in front of her, but also on some rare occasion with a pair of newspaper clippings.

And now his wife was dead. After twenty years the wife who had been condemned to death was finally dead.

III.

Viktoria, they decided, was to leave the Bourgstén household in May. Her last days there she devoted dutifully to completing Lilly's language instruction.

One afternoon, just as the teacher and pupil had sat down facing each other at the table in the governess room, the housemaid came into the door and announced that a gentleman had driven up in the yard in a carriage from the inn and wished to speak to

Miss Gavelström.

For twenty years no gentleman had appeared who wanted to speak to Viktoria. The housemaid informed them that he was an older gentleman, in black, with a white scarf.

"It's a suitor," cried Lilly. "Black and with a white scarf! He comes in coat and tails. Doesn't he have a bouquet of flowers, too?"

No, he didn't have any flowers.

Down in the parlor the visitor waited nervously while walking back and forth on the carpet. He was, as the housemaid had said, an elderly gentleman, slight of build, in mourning, in frock coat, completely bald, with a little net of fine, blue and red veins on his cheeks and nose. He had an air of great elegance and a fine bearing, but he was not an impressive gentleman. He was a little old man, ordinary and trivial, a little old man from a small town, a former principal in a little, small town school where he like so many other principals had born various nicknames, in the course of the years, silly or meaningless, or with a touch of ridicule, as is customary. No use fighting it, he had not belonged to those before whom nicknames are without effect, or before whom they assume a flattering form. His own name was Ernfrid Sommar.

When Viktoria entered the parlor, she stopped just inside the door. She recognized him, she had known at once that it was he. She raised her hand to her blouse and reached for the pince-nez cord as one is said to reach for a plank if one had happened to fall into a swirling current. This was too much, it was too great. . . . And her first gesture, betraying confusion, girlish shyness, happiness, at once pleased him extraordinarily.

His nervousness disappeared. He advanced a few steps.

"I have come," he said.

He seized her hand and led her to another part of the room, led her to a sofa and sat down next to her. As yet she dared not speak, she still retained her, girlish reticence. She hadn't changed! It was his first thought. Once she had seemed to him as the most perfect young woman he had ever met, and she had not changed. In his hand lay a living little thing, a trembling hand, and it was her hand, the same which formerly had trembled in his grasp, when he, perhaps a few seconds longer than might be considered proper at a railroad station, had held it in his and pressed it in farewell.

He said: "Viktoria, at last I have the right to ask you if you wish to be my wife."

Her almost inaudible yes did not reach him, for his hearing was no longer what it was twenty years earlier, but he could not have any doubt as to her meaning.

Viktoria remembered and rediscovered his voice, so firm, so concise, so brief, a man's voice which is not accustomed to say anything in two different ways, a principal's voice. How like himself he was! Yes, he hadn't changed. Her eyes grew dim, and when he drew her to him, she let her head sink down on his shoulder with something which was not entirely unlike a sob.

Thus young Miss Bourgstén found them when she stormed in to extend an invitation to Viktoria's guest to stay for dinner. She was introduced and the principal said: "My dear Miss Bourgstén, it will be especially dear to me to be allowed to make the acquaintance of the esteemed family with whom

my future wife has for so long enjoyed the shelter and protection of a home."

IV.

Viktoria changed for dinner. She chose among the not too excessive abundance of dresses in her wardrobe and settled for the newest one, which was a little too good for everyday use. She unloosened and brushed her gray hair. As much as it was brushed that day it had not been brushed for a long time, but no amount of brushing could hide the fact that it was unevenly gray and rather thin.

In Viktoria's toilette drawer was a tube of vaseline intended for chapped hands. For the first time in her life Viktoria now put the tube of vaseline to her face and rubbed the grease that smelled unpleasantly like machine oil, into the skin, massaged and rubbed. She had heard that grease and massage helps to make a woman's face young and attractive, and she peered uneasily into the mirror for a possible instantaneous effect of the treatment.

How could she have neglected for twenty years to massage and rub herself thus? Naturally it ought to have been something besides vaseline, too: why hadn't she supplied herself in time? The question set in as a slight pang in the area of her heart, but soon it hurt, it grew to an ache. Viktoria lighted the lamp on her toilette table, she put her face right up to the mirror, looked and looked. The vaseline and the rubbing had not made her younger, or more beautiful: her face was shiny and red, that was all. A pair of rather chapped hands put a towel up to this face and wiped it while the pain in the region of the heart grew to anguish.

She looked out through the window.

A gray March landscape with components of lingering, dirty snowdrifts. If it had only been an autumn landscape with the melancholy beauty of withering, with the last flaming pomp of strong colors!

Was it proper, was it conceivable, at her age, so wilted, so gray, an elderly woman, to sit down to dinner and play sweetheart, play bride-to-be? To dress her best, to brush her pitiful hair, to massage her cheeks and chin with vaseline in order to give an illusion—an illusion which still could not appear! She was making herself look ridiculous—and could she bear the responsibility of making a person such as Ernfrid Sommar look ridiculous, a man who was still in his best years, hardly sixty—nothing for a man, she thought—an Ernfrid Sommar, so distinguished, so well-balanced, so sure of himself, so firm and superior: a remarkable man, highly esteemed in his hometown and, naturally, wherever he went?

No one saw her, no one could suspect anything, no one would even have believed that they heard correctly if the sound of her quiet moaning would have escaped from the room where she had collapsed before her toilette table, trembling with sorrow, despair, and shame.

"If I did right," she thought, "I should pretend sudden illness, not change, not go down to dinner, not receive anyone in here, only send him a letter and reveal the truth: I am no longer worthy of him. Old fool that I am! Fifty years of age and think myself still fit to be loved. I receive a proposal as the most natural thing in the world, think of nothing—until it's too late. Didn't he see me then? Didn't he see me the way I am?"

But one cannot make a scandal. In the house of Bourgstén one does not create a scandal. Viktoria was able to pull herself together; she changed hurriedly as it was assumed she would as a matter of course; since the news of her suitor's arrival and of her engagement was already known throughout the house. . . .

But in the room above Viktoria's to which her fiancé had been shown, he in the meantime walked up to the mirror and looked gloomily at himself: bald, wrinkled, with a thousand little wrinkles around his gray little eyes, with a fine, red and blue net of veins on his cheeks and nose, the result of repeated frostbites that he had never bothered about. An aged, little pug dog face, that's what he saw!

Why hadn't he cared about his exterior? Now he bitterly remembered the advice he received: antifrostbite salve, hot compresses. He rang and ordered warm water, dipped the corner of a towel into it and dabbed his face. But it only grew more red and a bit swollen, the damage was too old, it could not be remedied. And actually he had been an ugly man all along. When one is young, one doesn't think so much about such things, but now, now!

"Fool!" he thought. "I, principal Ernfrid Sommar, a fool. Sixty years old, a fool. No thought about how I've shriveled up in twenty years, decayed, dried up. This ruin of what was formerly at least an average person comes and offers her his heart and hand—her, a woman still in her bloom. For *she* hasn't changed."

He walked to the window, he looked out, looked at the gloomy March landscape, illusionless, gray, without rouge. Twilight fell; he froze.

It occurred to him that he could perhaps still flee, steal out, away, disappear, write and apologize, explain that in the eleventh hour he had realized his unbelievable folly. But he did not move from the spot, one must assume the responsibility for one's actions. A principal has to continue on a course once he has set out on it: he must suffer the martyrdom through to the end, the agony of being the object of ridicule in a respectable home, before a lovable, tactful family—and before her. For she couldn't possibly be blind, and it's only out of her goodness that she has said yes and amen. . . .

The gong sounded through the house, the principal out of habit brushed a few specks of dust from his black frock coat and went down. Viktoria was already in the parlor when he entered. The family was gathered and with them some casual guests. He did not look at anyone, could not look at anyone, walked as if in darkness, a strange twilight, where he answered questions, for one can always answer, and where he offered his arm as he was asked to offer it. He followed the crowd into the dining room where a table was set with blinding white damask cloth, a mass of silver, cut glass, flowers. It was to Viktoria he had offered his arm, and she sat next to him: they had placed them as bride and groom.

V.

With a smile steelworks owner Bourgsten turned to the governess and said: "But dear Miss Viktoria, what's now going to become of the stipulation in the deed of gift?"

Viktoria had forgotten the deed of gift, the pension, the condition that she must still be single in order to en-

joy the secure, round sum of money settled on her. She did not hear that the proprietor's question was only a good-natured jest, one of his usual little jokes. She thought: "I don't think I'm to be married, nothing has happened, I've only dreamed . . ."

In the meantime the impulsive Mrs. Bourgsten in her turn said to principal Sommar: "You have no idea how happy we are on Viktoria's account."

Forgotten were all the impatient moments, all the sighs over the boredom of the excellent governess. While Mrs. Bourgsten looked at her sumptuously and attractively set dinner table, it almost seemed to her that there had never been anything but a festive spirit about Viktoria.

"She doesn't know anything," thought Sommar. "She doesn't know that everything is already over. Viktoria hasn't even turned toward me since we sat down to the table; she hasn't given me a glance. She is sitting like one dead next to me, one who is condemned to die of shame over such a suitor."

The steelworks proprietor shouted: "But what's happened to the champagne?"

And when the drink bubbled in every glass, he made a speech which he had prepared in his good mood before dinner; he gathered all the pleasant words of praise he could find for the governess, the friend for many years of his dear daughters, loved by all; and from the reserves of his not insignificant imagination he conjured up no less beautiful words of praise for her future husband, an ornament to his profession, and an ornament to the community where he had been active and to our dear country. Hurrah and skål!

Principal Sommar emptied his glass to the bottom and, strangely enough, regained some of his assurance. The glasses were refilled by an attentive young woman in a white apron, and now he finally dared to raise his glass to Viktoria alone and to meet her eyes. Their glances were hesitant, his and hers, they fled, but hurried back, they questioned, lingered, and finally did not want to leave each other any more. Self-assurance rose further within the principal—not quite to full self-confidence, no, but nevertheless above that horrible doubt which had so recently paralyzed him.

"Viktoria," he mumbled, "I must ask you something. You must have noticed that I've become an elderly man, to speak plainly, an old man?"

"You?" she said, surprised and trembling, for what was he driving at? "Why do you say that?"

"Because you're exactly the same as if I had left you only yesterday."

"If you are mistaken. Don't you see . . . ?"

"And don't you see?"

Then she noticed something about him which she had never imagined: a little boyish uncertainty way down in those principal's eyes, so accustomed to look out over rows of respectfully trim students. A boyish little uncertainty which it was in her power to dispel, in her power, Viktoria's, the grayed, silly, foolish, old woman's power!

"Answer," he begged, "can you really love me still?"

"Can you doubt it?" she answered and her hand with the glass in it trembled, her chapped, red hand—that of a seventeen year old, of a trembling teenager. The pain and agony in her breast dissolved and became nothing. The thought of the deed of gift and the steelworks proprietor's raillery flicked through her and left again. It wasn't money that she cared for!

All of a sudden a cry rang out above the noise at the dinner table. Young Miss Bourgstén was seated opposite the engaged pair, and it was she who had cried out.

"Look! Look at Viktoria!" she cried. "Did you ever see it before? She's pretty. Pretty. Don't you see it? Viktoria, sweet, dear Viktoria, how pretty you've become all of a sudden."

And now everyone looked at them.

They beheld an aging couple at the middle of the table, a bald, older little gentleman and a middle-aged lady, not at all well preserved, her nose was somewhat red at the moment because of the tears that were breaking out and being suppressed. But out of those two pairs of eyes shone naive, unfathomable, unbelievable, longed for happiness, and how it shone!

And neither one of them did anything to hide this happiness, while now again all the glasses were raised toward them with great rejoicing.

Marika Stiernstedt is a Swedish authoress who has written a number of popular novels and short stories.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Professor Niels Bohr, the famed Danish physicist, received on October 24 in Washington the first "Atoms for Peace Award" for his work in unlocking the secret of the atom and attempting to dedicate nuclear energy to peaceful purposes. The \$75,000 award was presented to the 72-year-old Nobel Prize winner at a ceremony in the National Academy of Sciences. President Eisenhower and 200 scientists, diplomats, and industrialists attended.

In accepting the award, Professor Bohr said that nuclear energy has presented "unprecedented opportunities" and "a most serious challenge" to mankind. This challenge, he suggested, can best be met through the spirit of international cooperation that has typified science through the years.

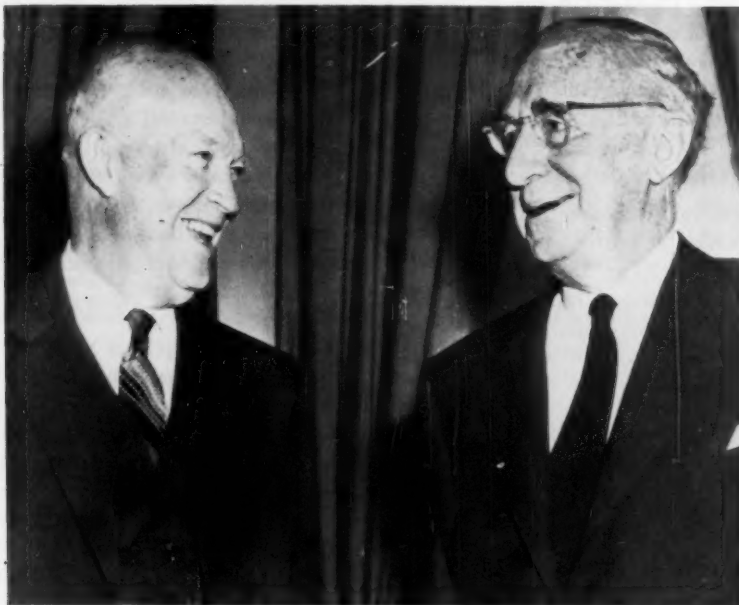
In a speech at the ceremony, President Eisenhower also emphasized the fateful choice before the world as a result of the disclosure of the secrets and the power of the atom. President Eisenhower praised Professor Bohr as "a great man, one whose mind has explored the mysteries of the inner structure of the atom, and whose spirit has reached into the very hearts of men."

A gold medallion and a \$75,000 check were then presented to Professor Bohr. The citation accompanying the award said: "You have given men the basis for greater understanding of matter and energy. You have made contributions to the practical uses of this knowledge. You have exerted great moral force in behalf of the utilization of atomic energy for peaceful purposes."

Dana College has purchased a 100-acre addition to its campus as the first step in a long-range program for development. The new land joins the present Dana campus on the south in Blair, Nebraska. The purchase is the first step in a long-range and far-reaching program of development for Dana now being formulated by the college Board of Trustees.

In 1960 the United Evangelical Church, which supports Dana, will merge with the American Lutheran Church and the Evangelical Lutheran Church and be called The American Lutheran Church, which will have a membership of about two million people. Dana College is the only four-year college in the United States founded by Danish pioneers. It was established in 1884. Today over 50 per cent of the students have Danish background. Dana will celebrate its Diamond Jubilee in 1959.

Hemlandet, the oldest Swedish language newspaper published in the United States, has now been placed on microfilm through the efforts of the Augustana Historical Society. Embracing the period 1855-1914, *Hemlandet* covers the main stream of Swedish immigrant life in the United States for a period of sixty years. The complete file on microfilm is available for \$280.00, or prices will be quoted on partial runs on request. Address orders to Augustana Historical Society, Augustana College Library, Rock Island, Illinois.



Wide World Photos

President Eisenhower and Ambassador Wilhelm Morgenstierne shown on the occasion of the latter's farewell visit to the White House.

H. E. Wilhelm Morgenstierne, Ambassador of Norway to the United States, on reaching the age of seventy, retired on November 30 but continued in office at the Government's request until the end of the year. Mr. Morgenstierne was Chief of the Norwegian Diplomatic Mission since 1934 and for the last several years was Dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington. During his many years of service, including World War II, Mr. Morgenstierne did yeoman work for Norway, won his country countless friends, and achieved general recognition as one of the world's outstanding diplomats. He has also been very active as a public orator and author.

Like his father, the late rector magnificus of Oslo University, Wilhelm Morgenstierne has been a warm friend of The American-Scandinavian Foundation. For example, in 1919, he directed the campaign in Norway to solicit funds for Foundation Fellowships. He has sponsored the Norwegian students selected for study in America and the American students chosen for study in Norway.

Mr. Morgenstierne's successor as Norwegian Ambassador in Washington is Paul Gruda Koht, an official in the Department of Foreign Affairs and, since 1957, chargé d'affaires in Copenhagen. Mr. Koht, who is the son of

former Foreign Minister Halvdan Koht, was formerly Vice Consul in New York and Counselor to the Permanent Norwegian Delegations to NATO and OEEC.

Dr. Sigmund Skard, Professor of American Literature in the University of Oslo, recently gave a series of lectures on "The American Myth" and "The European Mind" at the University of Pennsylvania, followed by a similar series at Harvard University.

Professor Lester B. Orfield of the Indiana University Law School was recently awarded the Order of St. Olav, Knight First Class. Professor Orfield is the author of *The Growth of Scandinavian Law*, published in 1953 by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

A Samuel Friedman Danish Scholarship has been established by Mr. Friedman of Los Angeles as a tribute to what the Danes did for those of Jewish faith during the war. A sufficient fund has been established and of the earnings shall be given yearly a thousand dollars to a worthy Danish student.

The Norwegian soprano Aase Nordmo Løvberg made her American debut in December. She sang with the Philadelphia Orchestra at concerts in Philadelphia and at Carnegie Hall in New York. She has accepted an offer to appear as guest artist with the Metropolitan Opera Company for the five months during the 1959 season.

Hjalmar R. Holand was recently awarded the Medal of St. Olav by the Norwegian Government in recognition of his efforts of many years to substantiate and spread knowledge about the Norse pre-Columbian expeditions. Mr. Holand, now 85, recently published his autobiography, *My First Eighty Years*, and is the author of the article about Nicholas of Eynn in this issue of the *Review*.

In the death of Albert Morey Sturtevant, September 28, 1957, at the age of 81, America lost our chief authority in Old Icelandic. Long Professor of Germanic Languages at the University of Kansas, he doubtless knew more about the history of Icelandic words than any man now living, excepting Alexander Jóhannesson, whose *Ísländisches Etymologisches Wörterbuch* was also completed last year. Since 1920 Dr. Sturtevant has been editor of *Scandinavian Studies*, in which magazine appeared many of his technical articles as well as his literary criticism of Scandinavian belles lettres. In 1956 many professors of Scandinavian assembled at the literary center of Lawrence, Kansas, to celebrate Dr. Sturtevant's eightieth birthday.

One chapter of the late Grace Faulkner Ward's monumental work on the Scandinavian administration of England in the eleventh century was recently published in *Scandinavian Studies*. That entire manuscript is now deposited in the Archives of Columbia University, where it may be consulted by historians.

THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



DENMARK

PREMIER H. C. HANSEN and other high officials attended the NATO Heads of Government meeting in Paris in mid-December. The Danish delegation took a strong stand for NATO unity and made a clear contribution to the solution of various problems. As for the installation of American missile bases on Danish territory, the Danes joined the Norwegians in opposing this step at this time.

Premier Hansen speaking from Paris through the Danish State Radio, said that the attitude of Norway and Denmark had been to place no hindrance to the strengthening of NATO such as was considered necessary, but, their reservation with respect to the new weapons was in line with the position taken all the time, and "we do not regard it right to receive them." "Norway must speak for herself", he said, "but I refer to the point of view, which Norway has expressed."

"We had another main consideration," he added, "that everything possible must be done to bring about again negotiations between East and West so that we may reach a relaxation (of tension) in the world and on that point we have not stood alone: I have noticed certain implications that this was something special for Denmark and Norway, and it is perhaps true that we have stressed that angle more than others, but it is with great satisfaction that I find that not only during the course of

the meetings but through the communiqué as issued, a certain absolute and natural agreement has been evidenced on that point. The communiqué which was issued means a summary of the various points of view, stressing the task that lies before us."

DEFENSE MINISTER Poul Hansen on December 21 submitted to the political Defense Committee the task of sketching a defense budget of 850 million kroner and submit figures of what a previously prepared one of a 900 million kroner defense would cost today. The opposition did not oppose such calculations to be made, and the Minister of Defense stressed, as also previously done by the Prime Minister, that both the Government and the Committee were not bound by such surveys.

THE BLICHER PRIZE for 1957 was awarded the 90-year old painter Johannes Larsen for his masterly illustrations to Blicher's *Birds of Passage*.

DENMARK has joined the sixteen European nations that have set up a Nuclear Energy Agency to promote cooperative undertakings in the peacetime atomic field with security control to insure that none of the materials or services would be used for military purposes.

KING FREDERIK spoke to the Danish people from the Royal New Year's Eve Dinner at Amalienborg. This speech was broadcast not only via radio but

also on television. Following greetings to Danes everywhere, on land and sea, the King referred to 1957 that it had not brought any real relief from the prevailing tension between countries of different outlooks on life. "Denmark", he said, "together with other peace-loving nations, has to the best of her ability endeavored to contribute to a reduction and limitation of tension. It is my fervent wish for the new year—a wish I know is shared by all Danes—that the leading men in the world may succeed in finding ways and means so that this tension may yield to peaceful and fruitful cooperation among the nations."

"In times like the present," the King added, "which places the individual under a greater and greater sense of responsibility, we must not forget the importance of the home, not least to give our young people understanding of the human values of life."

THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of Kaj Munk, the late Danish clergyman, poet and dramatist, was observed by the Royal Theater, which on January 13 presented *En Idealist*. That play was produced for the first time in 1928. The version presented was from the second revised version in 1938. It is available in English as *Herod the King*, in *Five Plays* translated by R. P. Keigwin.

The anniversary is further marked by a school edition of Munk's *Cant* and an abbreviated issue of Niels Nøjgaard's *Life and Personality*, originally published in 1946 and reduced from 500 to 251 pages. A third publication is *Aldrig Spørge* (Never Ask), fragments, and letters.



ICELAND

THE LAST TWO MONTHS of the year are the book-publishing season in Iceland and are popularly known as the "Book Flood". During this period some 200 titles appear, counting children's books, and the printings range from 1,000 to 6,000 and 9,000, attained by two of the largest book clubs. This has continued year after year, and would be impossible if the books were not, in a sufficient volume, bought by the public. The reason for such sales is, of course, that books are the most popular Christmas presents in Iceland. All of which must qualify the Icelanders, with their population of 164,000, as a nation of bookworms.

There are no reliable statistics about the sale of books in Iceland and, therefore, no recognized list of best-sellers to be had. It is, however, generally agreed that the *Memoirs* of the late President Sveinn Björnsson sold more than any other book this year. There were new works by the radical young "Atom Poets", but they were soundly beaten in sales by the older novelists who write about the happy world of rustic romanticism, pre-Sputnik, pre-Atom, and pre-most of the noise and worry of our day.

THE CONVENTIONAL ANNALS of 1957 in Iceland will, no doubt, mention the warm and sunty summer, good as it was for farming. One and a half million sheep thrived excellently in the mountain pastures and, during the fall after roundups, one third was slaughtered. Fishing, on the other hand, suffered a poor year. The catches were

down spring, summer, and fall—cod as well as herring. In spite of this there was full employment; as a matter of fact the fishing industry had to import 1,400 Faroese. There was much building, not only of houses, but also power stations, factories and bridges. This high investment created continued inflationary pressures, but the Government resisted and kept the prices of necessities down, partly by increased subsidies.

THE ALTHING met in early October and adjourned a few days before Christmas only to meet again in February. The chief problem was the 1958 Budget, which was—after due debate—passed! The second most controversial issue was a Government bill to limit the campaigning activities of political parties on election day. These activities are in Iceland particularly intensive and cause much annoyance and disturbance to the voters. Said the Government: We must "pacify" election day and confine our propaganda to the days previous to the elections themselves. The Opposition found this bill a gross infringement upon democracy and attacked it heavily, but it was, as expected, passed.

AMONG NEW APPOINTMENTS are Dr. Guðni Jónsson as Professor of History at the University of Iceland. He is known for editing a popular edition of the sagas, as well as many historical works. Mr. Stefán Pjetursson has been appointed Director of State Archives. A young engineer, educated in America, Mr. Steingrímur Hermannsson, has been appointed Director of the National Research Council.



ELECTIONS for the Norwegian Storting are held every four years and are always bitterly fought. The elections of 1957, held on October 7, did not result in any real changes in the make-up of either the Parliament or the Government. The Norwegian Labor Party, which for the past 22 years has been the Government party, was returned to power and consolidated its absolute majority in Parliament by gaining one more mandate. The Conservative Party won two new seats. A notable election result was the radical setback suffered by the Communists, who lost two of the three seats they had in the last Parliament. Popular support for the Communist Party dropped by one-third. The total vote for all parties was about 1% less than in the last Parliamentary election.

Five splinter parties also participated in the election but failed to win a single mandate. The Communists lost their mandates in Oslo and Finnmark. Newspapers view the Communist setback as popular reaction to the Soviet intervention in Hungary. As for the overall result of the election, newspapers agree that the stability which since the war has marked the relative strength of the dominant political blocs in Norway still prevails. Election campaigning was suspended by all parties for over a week in deference to the late King Haakon VII, Norway's popular monarch for over 52 years, who passed away on September 21.

Complete election returns from all of Norway's 744 municipalities (1953 in parenthesis) were as follows:

Labor 863,435 (830,448); Conservatives 300,306 (295,277); Christian People's Party 182,477 (186,627); Liberals 170,372 (176,191); Agrarians 154,392 (148,533); Communists 60,375 (90,422); joint non-Labor lists 50,587 (52,311); Social Democrats 2,838 (did not take part in previous election).

Labor alone received 5,301 more votes than the four non-Labor parties combined, and 48.4% of the total vote to 48.1% for the others. And, although the Conservatives and the Agrarians gained, 5,029 and 5,859 votes respectively, the non-Labor parties combined received 805 fewer votes than in 1953, whereas Labor advanced by 32,538. The Communist decline continued, from 11.9% of the total in 1945, 5.8% in 1949, 5.1% in 1953 to a mere 3.4% in the 1957 election.

KING OLAV V of Norway decided soon after his accession that in view of a Constitutional amendment adopted in 1908 there would be no coronation. The decision was reached after careful consideration and in consultation with the King's Council.

In June, 1958, King Olav plans an official tour by automobile through Gudbrandsdalen valley and other parts of East Norway, to Trondheim. There, a solemn benediction of the King for his high office will be performed during High Mass at Nidaros Cathedral, Sunday, June 22. This is the date on which the late King Haakon and the late Queen Maud were crowned at the Cathedral in 1906.

King Olav will return to Oslo aboard the Royal yacht *Norge*. He hopes to undertake an official visit to North Norway in the summer of 1959.

IN A TENSELY AWAITED verdict, Oslo Magistrate's Court ruled in October that Agnar Mykle's controversial novel *Sangen om den røde rubin* is obscene and transgresses permissible bounds. Therefore, all unsold copies are to be confiscated. At the same time, the author and Harald Grieg, director of Gyldendal publishing company, were acquitted on the ground that they had made "an excusable judicial error." Professor Francis Bull, chairman of Gyldendal's board of directors, promptly appealed the verdict to the Norwegian Supreme Court.

The Mykle case, first of its kind in Norway in several decades, was front page news in the Oslo press ever since Messrs. Mykle and Grieg were indicted by Attorney General Andreas Aulie. In the course of the long trial, many leading literary figures testified for the defense.

As *Arbeiderbladet* sees it, the key issue is not between morality and obscenity, but rather: "Whether the Norwegian judicial apparatus shall be mobilized to decide which books are to be read, or if the choice should be left up to the public."

NORWAY'S PERMANENT Representative to the United Nations declared on October 29 that his country welcomes the Western disarmament proposals as "fair, measured and balanced." Addressing the General Assembly's Political Committee, Ambassador Hans Engen said a total ban on the use of nuclear weapons, as proposed by the Soviet Union, is not realistic at the outset. Urging a "give-and-take" approach to achieve progress on world disarmament, Mr. Engen suggested that first steps should include cessation of bomb

tests and a controlled stop of nuclear fuel production for war.

RECOMMENDATIONS for the establishment of a Nordic Customs Union received a mixed reaction in the Oslo press. Several newspapers questioned whether Norwegian economy might not be hurt by the plan. Only the Laborite *Arbeiderbladet* and the non-political *Morgenposten* saw the report of the Nordic Cooperation Committee as a valuable contribution towards evolving a larger market. All editorials emphasized that the report should be thoroughly examined before taking any further step.

THE NORWEGIAN Atomic Insurance Pool was established at a recent meeting in Oslo, with a capital of 6 million kroner. So far, 41 Norwegian insurance companies have pledged that they will join the pool. The minimum share is 30 000 kroner.

The purpose of the new venture, launched on the initiative of the Association of Norwegian Insurance Companies, is to provide insurance against any damage and loss caused by or in connection with the operation of nuclear installations. The latter is understood to include plants for the production of atomic energy and related activities. The insurance will not cover damage from nuclear missiles or atomic test explosions.

Director Alf K. Svendsen, who was in charge of the preparatory work, says the Atomic Insurance Pool is not primarily a business enterprise. Its establishment is viewed as a national task.

Presently, a 20 million kroner experimental reactor is nearing comple-

tion at Halden. The boiler-type pilot plant is primarily designed to provide experience in power reactor construction. The project is being built by the Norwegian-Dutch Joint Establishment for Nuclear Energy Research—JENER, which since 1951 has been operating an experimental atomic pile at Kjeller, near Oslo.

THE NOBEL COMMITTEE of the Norwegian Parliament in October awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for 1957 to Lester B. Pearson, Canada's former Secretary of State for External Affairs. The 5-member Nobel Committee decided not to give a Peace Prize for 1956.

At a ceremony in the main auditorium of Oslo University, held December 10, Lester B. Pearson was presented with the Nobel Peace Prize by Dr. Gunnar Jahn, formerly Bank of Norway Governor and now Chairman of the Parliament-elected Norwegian Nobel Committee. With the medal and citation went a cash award of \$40,275. This was the first official function attended by Olav V since he became King of Norway.

Dr. Jahn told the audience: "I wish to emphasize that the Peace Prize has not been awarded to Lester Pearson as politician or Foreign Minister as such. It has been given to the man Lester Pearson because of his rich initiative, strength, and perseverance in endeavoring to prevent or limit war and restore calm in a situation which required swift, tactful, and wise action; lest the unrest spread into a world-wide conflagration." In a brief acceptance speech Mr. Pearson declared: "I think there can be no more important purpose for any man's achievement and interest than international peace. If

the arms our technical achievements have brought us are ever used, they will destroy us all. They must be destroyed." In his award address, Dr. Jahn recalled Mr. Pearson's work in FAO, UNRRA and UN, and cited especially his contribution to evolving a solution of the Suez crisis in the fall of 1956.

In the traditional Nobel Peace Prize Lecture, delivered in Oslo on December 11, Lester B. Pearson made a strong plea for a new Western initiative to reach agreement with the Soviet Union. He explained:

"What I plead for is no spectacular summit meeting, but frank, serious exchange of views—especially between Moscow and Washington—through diplomatic and political channels. The time has come," he said, "for the West to make a move to concentrate on the possibilities of agreement, rather than disagreement with the Soviet Union."

"It would be folly to expect quick, easy or total solutions. But it is even greater folly to do nothing, to sit back, answer missile with missile, insult with insult, and ban with ban. That would be the complete bankruptcy of policy and diplomacy, and it would not make for peace."

The Nobel Peace Prize recipient said what the world needs "is a new and vigorous determination to use every technique of discussion and negotiation for the solution of the problems that divide today, in fear and hostility, the two power blocs and thereby endanger world peace."

PRIME MINISTER Einar Gerhardsen, Foreign Minister Halvard Lange and other officials attended the NATO

Heads of State meeting in Paris in December. In a statement at the opening session Mr. Gerhardsen made a strong plea for an active and constructive policy for peace. Speaking on December 16 he told the NATO conferees *inter alia*:

"With regard to the military questions which are to be dealt with at this meeting, the Norwegian government will consider with an open mind the various proposals put forward for the further integration of the NATO defenses. These proposals require further elaboration and there will be an opportunity to revert to them at a Ministerial meeting in the spring. In this connection, I have to remind you however, that ever since the foundation of NATO it has been the policy of the Norwegian government not to admit foreign forces on our territory except in case of attack or when threatened by attack. We see no reason to change this policy. We have, moreover, no plans in Norway to let atomic stockpiles be established on Norwegian territory or to construct launching sites for intermediate range ballistic missiles."

"May I, in this connection, remind you of an idea which has lately been the subject of public debate in many countries: the idea of an area in Europe where there would be a 'thinning out' of military forces so as to reduce tension in our part of the world. Suggestions like these have received considerable public attention also in my country. It is not possible, of course, to take a stand with regard to these ideas without careful study of all their implications and possibilities. It might, however, be worth-

while to examine if there are elements in such thoughts which could be used in a constructive policy for peace.

"I emphasize that in making these remarks I am not myself taking any position with regard to these complex problems. Neither have I had an opportunity to study more closely or to hear the views of other governments in regard to the letters which Prime Minister Bulganin has sent our governments during the last few days.

"On the question of establishing launching sites for intermediate range ballistic missiles, it is our view that the right course would be to postpone the decision. This matter has important military and political aspects—aspects which our governments have not had sufficient time and opportunity to consider. A postponement need not hinder necessary practical preparations. The time which will in any case elapse before any existing plans can be implemented could be used to examine the possibilities for renewed negotiations with the Soviet Union on disarmament. In that way we would give the Soviets an opportunity to prove their willingness to enter into serious negotiations.

"The Soviet leaders are all the time trying to spread doubts among us and to divide us. All such attempts must be rejected in the firm conviction that solidarity of the democracies is a prerequisite for peace. But solidarity in itself is not sufficient. Our joint endeavors must result in an active and constructive policy for peace. In that way we shall give our peoples renewed hope that peace can be obtained on a more lasting basis than the balance of terror on which we now rely."



SWEDEN

ON OCTOBER 13 the Swedish people went to the polls to vote in a national advisory referendum on three plans for supplementary pensions. The referendum did not produce any sensations but followed rather closely the pattern that today is regarded as normal in Sweden. The proposal calling for legislation about compulsory additional pensions, which was backed by the labor movement, proved to be definitely the most popular of the three schemes, but it did not gain an absolute majority, and the outcome thus is open to different interpretations.

The final figures for the advisory referendum on supplementary pensions:

No. 1: 1,622,021 — 45.8%

No. 2: 530,428 — 15 %

No. 3: 1,256,010 — 35.3%

Invalid: 136,255 — 3.9%

Ballot No. 1, calling for legislation about compulsory pensions for wage and salary-earners, was backed by the labor movement; ballot No. 2, calling for a wholly voluntary, limited pension insurance, was supported by the Agrarian Center party; and ballot No. 3, also recommending voluntary pensions but specifically mentioning collective agreements as a means of providing for them, was backed by the Liberal and Conservative parties as well as by the employers.

The total of 3,538,714 votes represented an attendance of 72.1 per cent, compared with 79.8 per cent in the Riksdag elections in 1956 and 53.2 in the advisory referendum about right- or left-hand driving in 1955.

ON OCTOBER 24 the Agrarians decided to end their six-year-old coalition with the Social Democrats. Since last summer this group is also known as the Center party, and according to recent declarations it now aims at a real policy of the center. In a statement the next day Prime Minister Tage Erlander, the Social Democratic leader, virtually ruled out a national coalition government. The four parties, he said, would first have to agree on the supplementary pensions, which had been submitted to a popular vote in the form of an advisory three-way referendum; and an attempt to bring about such an agreement in a few days would hardly serve the cause of unity. The Premier, on the other hand, voiced hope for an early agreement with the Liberals about mandatory service pensions. After the referendum, Liberal leaders had indicated that they were prepared to discuss such a solution. If the attempt to reach an understanding with the Liberals should fail, Mr. Erlander added, the Social Democrats would go ahead with their own pension plan, and in that case the Riksdag, that is, the popular elected Lower House, might be dissolved and new elections called next spring. The Social Democrats now hold 106 of the 231 seats in the Lower House, and a government based exclusively on that party would thus hardly be able to survive a whole Riksdag session without some stable outside support.

On October 26 the Labor-Farmer government resigned, the King asking the ministers to carry on their duties until a new cabinet had been formed. The following days were filled by discussions about possible coalitions, and on October 29 the King asked Tage

Erlander to form a Social Democratic government.

The four cabinet posts held by Agrarians went to Rune Johansson, Minister of the Interior, Ragnar Edenman, Minister of Education and Church Affairs, Gösta Netzen, Minister of Agriculture, and Björn Kjellin, Minister without Portfolio. The new Minister of the Interior, succeeding the Agrarian leader Gunnar Hedlund, was born in 1915 and has been a member of the Riksdag since 1951. He is a baker by profession. Mr. Edenman for many years was Under Secretary of the Department of Education and was appointed Minister without Portfolio last September. Mr. Netzen, the new Minister of Agriculture, has been editor of one of the leading Social Democratic papers, *Arbetet* of Malmö in southern Sweden, since 1944 and member of the Riksdag since 1949. Mr. Kjellin has been Under Secretary of the Department of Justice since 1944.

Tage Erlander remains as Prime Minister, and Östen Undén stays on as Foreign Minister, Ingvar Lindell as Minister of Justice, Sven Andersson as Minister of Defense, Torsten Nilsson as Minister of Social Affairs, Gösta Skoglund as Minister of Communications, Gunnar Sträng as Minister of Finance, Gunnar Lange as Minister of Commerce, Sigurd Lindholm as Minister of Wages and Pensions, and Mrs. Ulla Lindström and Herman Kling as Ministers without Portfolio. The number of such ministers has, at least for the time being, been cut from four to three.

KING GUSTAF VI ADOLF of Sweden on November 11 quietly observed his seventy-fifth birthday in Naples, where

he was enjoying his traditional Italian winter vacation. With him were his wife, Queen Louise, a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria of England, his daughter, Queen Ingrid of Denmark, and his three sons, Prince Bertil, Count Sigvard Bernadotte, and Count Carl Johan Bernadotte. Prince Bertil as a rule serves as regent when the King is abroad, but his uncle, Prince Wilhelm, may also assume that function. The King's oldest son and namesake was killed in an airplane accident in 1947.

A FAR-REACHING PROPOSAL for extended economic cooperation among Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden was presented on October 21 by the Nordic Committee for Economic Cooperation, consisting of officials and experts from the four countries. The report, which runs to some 1,300 pages, contains a concrete, detailed plan for a common Nordic market based on a customs union covering, to begin with, around 80 per cent of the four countries' trade with one another. The report also outlines closer Nordic cooperation in certain fields of production, research, and training, financial and foreign-exchange questions as well as commercial policy. Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are taking part in the discussions about a West-European free-trade area, and the Nordic Committee for Economic Cooperation therefore has paid great attention to relations between such an area and a Nordic market. Its conclusion is that the extended Nordic cooperation and common market will have independent importance even if the free-trade area is established. This is said to be of special significance for Finland, which

does not take part in the OEEC (Organization for European Economic Cooperation) consideration of the free-trade area. The report was to be submitted to prime economic and industrial organizations and public authorities in the four countries.

The plan for a Nordic customs union was also discussed at a three-day conference of the Nordic Council's Economic Committee at Hindås, near Gothenburg. The outcome was regarded as a recommendation to the four countries to wait and see what would be the result of the OEEC deliberations in Paris on the project aiming at a European free-trade area. The Nordic Council, which was expected to discuss the customs union early in 1958, has decided to postpone this meeting until October, 1958. A special session may be called in case of new developments.

THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY, the highest representative body of the Church of Sweden, in October voted 62 to 36 against the proposal that would make it possible for women to become ordained ministers. The Biblical argumentation presented by the subcommittee was rejected, however, and instead the Assembly took the attitude that the question must be studied further. The discussion before the final vote was taken lasted seventeen hours. Only one of the forty-three clergymen, Dr. Olle Nystedt, Pastor Primarius of Stockholm, urged acceptance of the proposal. He was supported by many of the fifty-seven laymen. The Minister of Church and Education, Ivar Persson, said he found it strange that women should be permitted to do everything within the church except administering the sacra-

ments. This, he added, cannot be reconciled with the principle of equality.

Many newspapers regard the decision, however disappointing, as a step forward. The Archbishop of Upsala, Dr. Yngve Brilioth, said that he did not consider it unthinkable that the Church of Sweden will admit women pastors sometime in the future. but, he added, the time is not yet ripe. He also emphasized the need of wider employment of women in the service of the church.

THE SWEDISH GOVERNMENT has protested against an extension by the Soviet Union of its territorial waters outside the Far Eastern port city of Vladivostok which, as of July 1, 1957, has cut off the so-called Peter the Great Bay from foreign shipping and overflying. The Swedish note, which was delivered to the Foreign Ministry in Moscow, stated that Sweden can find no basis according to international law for this extension of the Russian water area, for which reason Sweden objects to the application of this ruling to Swedish ships and planes. The note also referred to the fact that the Swedish government has explained its conception of the rules for territorial waters in bays in a statement to the United Nations Secretary General in connection with a proposal by the International Law Commission. The Swedish advance is regarded primarily as one of principle. The purpose is to emphasize the time-honored Swedish standpoint that arbitrary and far-reaching extensions of territorial waters should not be undertaken unilaterally, especially since the matter will be brought up at a United Nations con-

ference in Geneva in 1958. In 1951 and 1952 Sweden protested in a lively exchange of notes against the Soviet extension of the territorial waters in the Baltic Sea to twelve miles, and in 1954 a protest was filed against the extension of territorial waters of Eritrea and in South America.

WITH TRADITIONAL POMP and ceremony, the 1957 Nobel Festival was observed in the Stockholm Concert House on December 10, the day on which, in 1896, Alfred Nobel, inventor of nitroglycerine and donor of the prizes that bear his name, died in San Remo, on the Italian Riviera. A glittering assembly of 2,000 persons, headed by King Gustaf VI Adolf and other members of the royal family, filled the hall, and the festive event was carried all over the country via radio and television. The winners received from the King their Nobel Medal, an illuminated leather-bound address, and their check, amounting to about \$40,000.

The Nobel Prize in Literature for 1957 was awarded Albert Camus, French novelist and playwright. The Swedish Academy cited him for "his important literary production, which with clear-sighted earnestness illuminates the problems of the human conscience in our times." At forty-three, Mr. Camus is the youngest winner of the Nobel literature prize since Rudyard Kipling, who was chosen in 1907.

The 1957 Nobel Prize for Physics was awarded jointly to two young Chinese scientists now working in the United States, Dr. Tsung Dao Lee, of Columbia University, and Dr. Chen Ning Yang, of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. They were

honored for their penetrating investigation of the so-called parity laws, which has led to important discoveries regarding the elementary particles. A British scientist, Sir Alexander R. Todd, received the 1957 Nobel Prize in Chemistry for his work on nucleotides and nucleotide coenzymes. He is Professor of Organic Chemistry in the University of Cambridge. This year's Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology was awarded to Dr. Daniel Bovet, a naturalized Italian of Swiss birth, who now works in Rome. He was named for his discovery that curare, a poison used by South American Indians to tip arrows, when injected in the blood stream produces a relaxation ideal for certain types of surgery.

On the same day, in Oslo, Lester B. Pearson, former Minister for External Affairs of Canada, accepted from the hand of King Olav V the Nobel Peace Prize. In his address he urged the world "to work for an empire of peace." The peace prize candidate, according to the will of Alfred Nobel, is selected by a Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament.

THE VIITH WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP in Modern Pentathlon, held in Stockholm October 26-30, resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Soviet Union whose representatives captured the team title and swept the first three places in the individual standings. Igor Novikov scored 4,769 points, Alex. Tarasov 4,445 and Nikolai Tatarinov 4,348, followed by Finland's Väinö

Korhonen. In team standings, Russia had 13,538 points, Finland was second with 12,173, Hungary third with 11,967, Sweden fourth with 11,917, and the United States fifth with 11,588 points. In all, 38 individual competitors and 11 national teams took part. The outcome caused great disappointment in Sweden, modern pentathlon being an old Swedish specialty. Since this sport, which includes riding, fencing, swimming, shooting and cross-country running, was introduced at the Olympic Games in 1912, Sweden has won all the individual Olympic gold medals but one. The 1958 world championship will be held in England, while the United States probably will be the host in 1959.

THE CLOAK OF SECRECY enveloping the work on new weapons for Sweden's defense was lightened somewhat last November when two guided missiles were demonstrated. Both are believed to be in an advanced stage of development. One of them, officially known as 304, is an air-to-ground missile, for use against both land and sea targets, while the other, bearing the number 315 and popularly known as "Agathon," will be fired from ships or coastal batteries against floating targets of different kinds. For some time the naval missile has been test fired from destroyers. There are several stationary proving grounds for missiles, the principal one at Karlsborg on the western shore of Lake Vättern. The Swedish program does not include long-range missiles.



A History of Icelandic Literature. By STEFÁN EINARSSON. *The Johns Hopkins Press for The American-Scandinavian Foundation*. New York, 1957. xii+409 pp., including index. Price \$5.50.

Although a number of short general surveys of Icelandic literature have previously appeared in English in various encyclopedias and elsewhere, Dr. Einarsson's volume under review is the first detailed book-length presentation in the English language dealing with Icelandic literature from its beginnings and down to the present day. It, therefore, constitutes a most welcome and an equally important contribution.

To be sure, as indicated in the bibliography, a number of significant works on Old Icelandic literature have before been written in English, but Dr. Einarsson's thorough treatment of the subject is particularly timely and noteworthy because he discusses all phases of the early literature of Iceland in the light of the latest researches and theories advanced. This is especially important with respect to the Icelandic Sagas, as a new theory concerning their origin and nature, looking upon them "as essentially written compositions attributable to authors—though most of them anonymous—in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries," has come to the fore in recent years, vigorously championed by Professor Sigurður Nordal and his disciples. Dr. Einarsson presents this theory in detail and its implications for the evaluation and interpretation of the sagas, contrasting it with the earlier views of the so-called "free-prose theorists".

His discussion of Old Icelandic and later Medieval Icelandic poetry is equally thorough and up to date, secular and sacred poems both being included, illuminated through numerous quotations in the original Icelandic and in English translation.

Especially valuable is Dr. Einarsson's treatment of Icelandic literature from 1500

to 1800, as such an exhaustive survey of that period has not been available in English before, although some notable monographs on the subject have been published by Professor Halldór Hermannsson in his *Islandica* series. Here again Dr. Einarsson has taken due note of the latest studies and other publications in the field.

For the modern period (1800-1940) he has, as stated in his preface, "leaned heavily" on his own work, *History of Icelandic Prose Writers*, and on the companion volume by this reviewer, *History of Icelandic Poets*, published in *Islandica* 1948 and 1950 respectively, but he has also made full use of new studies pertaining to that period and revised the account of the poets concerned accordingly.

His chapter "After World War II, 1940-1956", though a rather rapid survey, is a particularly welcome and valuable part of the book. Besides listing a large number of poets and prose writers from those years, he singles out a few for a special discussion, and although they are no doubt worthy of that consideration, there are others from that period, listed in the book, who would, in the judgment of this reviewer, have been equally deserving of a similar treatment.

Rightly, the author has included a concluding chapter on American-Icelandic Writers, "American" in the continental sense, as the majority of the authors here referred to have lived and labored in Canada. While those writers whom he has selected for special treatment (though, perhaps, in a slightly disproportionate fashion) are, generally speaking, worthy of that distinction, there are again several authors who, with equal justice, might have been included in that group.

This observation with reference to the chapters discussed above is made with full recognition of the fact that in as extensive a literary survey as this voluminous history is, there is bound to be room for honest differences of opinion with regard to the inclusion of individual authors and the evaluation of their works. By and large the author has indeed succeeded very well in that respect.

He has not only included, in his all-inclusive treatment of Icelandic literature

down through the ages, poets and creative writers in prose, but also historians and other scholars and their studies, which adds to the completeness of the picture here presented of the literature and the culture of the Icelandic nation.

The material is very well organized, attesting the firm grasp of the author of his large subject. The general introductory statements with which he prefaces the discussions of the various periods are very helpful for orientation purposes. In style the book is also very readable.

There is a good bibliography and an excellent index. In the former I miss, however, a reference to the following works: Halldór Hermannsson, *Icelandic Books of the Seventeenth Century*, 1922 (*Islandica*), the parallel volume on Icelandic books of the 16th century is included; Einar Munksgaard, *Monumenta typographica Islandica*, edited by Sigurður Norðal, I-VI, Copenhagen, 1933-1942 (facsimile editions of important Icelandic works with introductions in English); and Charles V. Pilcher, *Icelandic Christian Classics*, Melbourne, 1950 (includes his excellent translation of *Sólurjóð* and *Lilja*).

Troughout, the book bears ample evidence of the author's erudition, and it will prove a veritable goldmine of information for all interested in the subject, but will perhaps have its strongest appeal to scholars and students in the Scandinavian and Germanic fields and literary historians generally.

Worthy of its contents, the volume is excellently printed and attractive in appearance and in that respect also does honor to all concerned.

RICHARD BECK

University of North Dakota

Norway: Home of the Norsemen. By HARLAN MAJOR. *David McKay*, 1957. 195 pp. Ill. Price \$4.50.

The other day on the avenue a New York Bank President met me, grasped my hand rapturously and exclaimed, "I have just bought a rod on the Alta!" This meant that he had engaged passage to Bergen and passage north to Hammerfest in the Arctic and would fish for salmon this summer among the Lapps.

Then I went to The American-Scandinavian Foundation, looked up the Alta River on a map, and found on my desk Harlan Major's book awaiting this review. Mr. Major is also a fisherman. He made the tackle for the Kon-Tiki expedition to Polynesia. In this book he devotes no less than three pages to the Alta and its Lapps, and he names that river first in his list of the thirty best salmon streams in Norway.

Mr. Major's book is both informative and easy to read, but his style is not like *The New Yorker*. His narrative is that of a champion pugilist, crude and dynamic. He gives us such vigorous punches that we rush to the nearest tourist agency to book passage to Norway. His descriptions of art, such as Vigeland's sculpture or Dahl's painting, would threaten an art critic with apoplexy were he to read them.

The author describes a number of tours one can make in Norway. However, two tours that he grossly omits are first a visit to Sandefjord, capital of the whaling industry, and second, the defile of Rjukan, which produces enough fertilizer to vegetate every desert on our planet and enough heavy water (D_2O) to supply the world's need for fissionable energy, whether for war or for peace.

How different touring Norway today from fifty years ago when in 1908 I made the first of my seventeen tours of Norway! Being a cross-country runner, I did better on my own feet than in the ancient carts and traveled everywhere equipped only with a knapsack and an alpenstock. Now in 1958, highways have been hewn along the steep slopes overlooking the precipitous abysses and railroads tunneled through mountains. The tourist has only to rent his own car or board one of the thousand busses.

In 1908 I did the long trail from Andalsnes to Sylte in a single day, running most of the time. It was one thousand years ago, in 958, that the King of Norway and seven thousand men marched up that trail and then marched down again. It took them two long days. Now one can cross this high pass in an hour by automobile. The speedy tourist of 1958 can still admire the glaciers there on his right and left, and get glimpses of the goats by the roadside and flocks of

sheep and ruddy young Amazons pitching hay. But in 1908 I paused for breath three times, once to bathe in a small mountain pool, once to fend off a bearded billy-goat who wanted to stop me, and once to gaze at a glorious girl pitching hay. For fifty years now I have dreamed about her, but alas, I have never seen her since. There are, however, still plenty like her in Norway, sturdy but dreamy fairies of Sagaland.

Skål to Harlan Major and his stimulating book! Read it and take passage to Norway!

H. G. L.

The Young Traveller in Denmark. By CHARLES S. STRONG. *British Book Centre*. New York. 1957. 128 pp. Ill. Price \$2.50.

The latest volume in the "Young Traveller" Series is devoted to Denmark and is, like its predecessors, both highly instructive and enjoyable. The reader is taken on a tour of the entire country, beginning in "The King's Copenhagen", where the English youngsters of the story are joined by their Danish friends and are introduced to the attractions that abound in that delightful city. They visit the Tivoli gardens, attend the pantomime theater, watch the fireworks display, ascend the Round Tower, and are taken on a tour of the Royal Palace. In Helsingør they visit Kronborg Castle, and from there embark on a voyage to the island of Bornholm. In Odense they are fascinated by the home of Hans Christian Andersen and subsequently travel through Fyn and the Jutland peninsula, and throughout they, as well as the reader, have a marvelous time.

The author has an intimate knowledge of the North and has thus all the qualifications of a good cicerone. He already has a number of very fine juvenile stories to his credit in which he has demonstrated a flair for stirring the imagination of junior readers; the present volume is equally well written, informative and entertaining and will, with its wealth of splendid photographs, provide young people with an excellent introduction to the land and people of Denmark.

ERIK J. FRIIS

A Short History of Norway. By T. K. DERRY. *Macmillan*. 1957. 281 pp. Price \$5.75.

There has perhaps never been a great paucity of material in English for the study of Norwegian history, but on the other hand, there have not been too many standard histories available. In fact, only three satisfactory works, covering the entire history of Norway, have been published in English during the last hundred years, namely: *History of Norway* by the Norwegian-American author, and professor Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, which was issued in 1886; the two-volume *History of the Norwegian People*, by Professor Knut Gjerset of Luther College, which was published in 1915 and was for many years the standard work in its field but has been out of print for some time; and Professor Karen Larsen's *History of Norway*, published by The American-Scandinavian Foundation in 1948. Professor Larsen's book, which deals with events through World War II; met with much acclaim and has been widely read and used, making it necessary to issue new printings from time to time. But there may have been a parallel need for a smaller history, a need which has now been met by the publication of Dr. Derry's *Short History of Norway*.

As the title indicates, the book is not overly long, but it succeeds in combining brevity and completeness and in providing a well-balanced picture of not only political events but also of economic, social, and cultural developments. The book appears to have been based, at least as far as some sections are concerned, on *Det norske folks liv og historie*, the 11-volume work published in Norway 1929-38 and also on Holmsen and Jensen's *Norges historie*, issued after the last war. The last chapter of Derry's book, however, has also benefited from the author's own writings and researches, published in *The Campaign in Norway*, the official British volume on the Allied military operations in Norway during the spring of 1940. That the author has also utilized the very latest scholarship in the field is evidenced by his references to H. M. Gathorne-Hardy's recently published *A Royal Impostor—King Sverre of Norway*.

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The book is highly recommended for those who want a concise but complete exposition of Norwegian history; for a fuller treatment one should consult Professor Larsen's book, some of the other works listed in the bibliography, or the many specialized studies and monographs available.

ERIK J. FRIIS

Last Tales. By ISAK DINESEN. *Random House*. 1957. 341 pp. Price \$4.00.

The most original contribution of Scandinavia this year to world classics may well be *Last Tales* by Isak Dinesen. Her tales are indeed news from nowhere, a blend of reality and utter fantasy. This book is not a translation of Baroness Karen Blixen-Finecke's Danish but her own inimitable English. Three of her former books have been a "Book-of-the-Month" in the United States.

To this reviewer the most exciting tale in this collection is "Copenhagen Season". Most of her short-stories are laid in the remote past, but this one takes place in the year 1870. For nine months of every year the girls of the Danish nobility lived a carefree life of gardening, weaving, painting, and music in their ancestral castles surrounded by farms and forests. But they came to Copenhagen for the winter season of dancing all night and sleeping all day. Such was the strict canon of sex behavior that, though they flirted merrily, their flirtations were a kind of play acting. They used the language and gestures that they

had been taught by comedies in rural theaters and the amateur plays in which they had themselves been actors.

It was this reviewer's privilege to be a guest of the Copenhagen season in the winter of 1909-1910. He was told then that alas! everything had been changed since 1870. But it seemed to him that, as yet little had been changed. He was even warned not to be seen walking with a Danish girl on the street in Copenhagen, as that would mean an announcement that they were engaged to be married!

Many of Isak Dinesen's tales are set in exotic lands, but this one, too, is a tragic mystery unsolved in an area of comedy.

H. G. L.

BOOK NOTES

A brief but comprehensive history of the Vikings and the Viking Age has been published by Methuen & Company as the most recent volume of "Methuen's Outlines", a series primarily intended for younger readers but which will prove useful to every one. Entitled *The Vikings*, this book has been written by R. R. Sell, man and deals in some detail with the homelands of the Vikings, their religion, their ships, armor, and runic writing, as well as the great Viking voyages and conquests from Vinland to the Caspian Sea. The volume also features a number of the classic drawings made by Norwegian artists for Snorri Sturluson's *Heimskringla*. (1957. 68 pp. Price 10/6).

Volume II of Amandus Johnson's *Swedish Contributions to American Freedom 1776-1783* was published a few months before his eightieth birthday on October 28, 1957. It appears as Part VII of his monumental *The Swedes in America 1638-1938*, issued under the auspices of the Swedish Colonial Foundation in Philadelphia. All one needs to record is that Dr. Johnson's many books about the Swedes in America are the most authentic record of any of the racial groups that constitute Great America, and not excepting the British! Incidentally, Dr. Johnson's style is not only bibliographic but, like Toynbee's, literary and philosophical.

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in *America*

Dr. Leach has done much to increase our understanding of Scandinavian contribution to modern culture.

JOHN R. SLATER
in *The Saturday Review*

Henry Goddard Leach has preserved the spirit, the wonder, the eagerness, the faith of youth.

MV
in *The Birmingham News*

Among the many spirited chapters studded with anecdotes and amusing recollections, the liveliest, to my mind, is that dealing with Dr. Leach's editorship of *The Forum*.

HÖLGER LUNDBERGH
in *The American Swedish Monthly*

Among his literary friends it was Willa Cather who gave him "a conception of loyalty and the nobility of friendship," and it was George Bernard Shaw who inspired "the ambition to retain in old age the buoyancy of youth."

HELEN NELSON ENGLUND
in *The Swedish Pioneer*

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A volume of more than special interest to Icelandic-Americans was published in Reykjavik last year. Under the title *Foreldrar mínir*, the editor and compiler, Finnþógi Guðmundsson, has collected more than a dozen biographical accounts of Icelandic pioneers in Canada and the U. S. Written by descendants of the pioneers or people who were close to them, these biographical essays not only make interesting reading but contain much valuable information for the study of Icelandic emigration to the New World. (Bókafélagið Míning, 1956. 235 pp. Ill.). Mr. Guðmundsson, now residing in Iceland, was Professor of Icelandic Language and Literature at the University of Manitoba.

Fifteen of the best known tales of Hans Christian Andersen have been newly translated into English and issued in an attractive volume originally printed in Denmark. Entitled *Hans Andersen Fairy Tales*, this excellent English version by Eve Wendt is brightened by the many color illustrations by Axel Mathiesen and will serve as an excellent introduction to the work of Denmark's great teller of tales. The book is being distributed in the U. S. by W. S. Heineman, 400 East 72nd Street, New York City. (1956. 125 pp. Price \$2.50).

Purity of Heart by Søren Kierkegaard (Harper Torchlight Books, 1956. Paperback. 220 pp. Price \$1.25), is the first of Kierkegaard's *Edifying Addresses* to be translated into English. The translator, Douglas V. Steere, is Professor of Philosophy in Haverford College.

The Moment Before God by Martin J. Heineken is a splendid interpretation of the philosophy of Søren Kierkegaard, viewed primarily as a Christian and not as an existentialist. With the aid of quotations from the works of Kierkegaard, Dr. Heineken organizes and clarifies much that has appeared complex and brings out clearly the Danish thinker's overriding purpose—to show what being a Christian really means. Dr. Heineken is Professor of Systematic Theology at the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. (Muhlenberg Press. 386 pp. Price \$5.95.)

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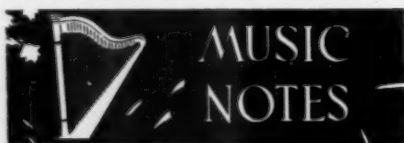
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The Cloud Shoes by Borghild Dahl is a delightful book for youngsters between the ages of 6 and 10. Trolls and elves, a mountain kingdom in ancient Norway, and how skis came into use are some of the ingredients of this spirited tale, to which the illustrations by Hans Helweg are the perfect complement. (E. P. Dutton. 1957. 60 pp. Price \$2.95).

The Long Ships by Frans G. Bengtsson was recently brought out in a Signet paperback edition by the New American Library. This stirring tale, with a great deal of humor thrown in, about Red Orm and his fellow Viking sea rovers was published in Michael Meyer's translation by Alfred A. Knopf in 1954, and in the present less expensive edition it will no doubt be even more widely read and enjoyed. (414 pp. Price 50 cents).

Tom Tellepsen—Builder and Believer, by Andrea K. Flynn (The Anson Jones Press. 1956. Ill. 194 pp.) is the biography of a great-hearted Norwegian pioneer in Texas. As builder and contractor he has erected many of the most magnificent buildings in that state. As a believer he has contributed to the philanthropies of the city of Houston.

Full justice is done to modern Finnish design and applied arts in two new publications available from W. S. Heinman, importer of fine Scandinavian books. *Ornamo 1950-1954* presents in a wealth of pictures the splendid work being done in various media by members of Finland's Applied Arts Association. The text is in Finnish, Swedish, English, and French. (110 pp. Price \$11.00.) The other volume, *Taide. Ja Työ—Finnish Designers of Today*, presents a host of artists and their achievements in the fields of industrial arts and handicrafts. The text, in Finnish and English, in addition to the numerous photographs in color and black-and-white bear indeed witness to the high standards of glass, ceramics, and textile design in present-day Finland. (175 pp. Price \$12.50.)



Major highlight thus far of Scandinavian musical activity in the U.S.A. has been the Sibelius Memorial Concert held at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, December 8, under the joint auspices of the Finlandia Foundation of New York and UNISOMI for the benefit of the Sibelius Memorial Scholarship Fund. A large and distinguished audience heard a program devoted entirely to the work of the late Finnish master. Sweden's great tenor, Jussi Björling, offered a group of songs, including a stunning rendition of *Svarta Rosor*. The major part of the program was played by members of the N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Martti Similä, considered by his fellow Finns to be the finest interpreter of that greatest and most difficult of all the Sibelius symphonies, No. 4 in A Minor.

In addition to the Fourth Symphony, we also heard *En Saga* and *Finlandia*. Mr. Similä, in contrast to the rugged and predominantly epic readings heard from Jussi Jalas (Sibelius's son-in-law) on a similar occasion two years earlier, brought us the most purely lyrical Sibelius performances we have ever heard—and in so doing, shed a quite different and even startling light on that composer's musical utterances. For those familiar with recordings, the only valid analogy would be to compare the Toscanini and Furtwängler readings of the Beethoven Ninth Symphony. One may prefer one or the other, but both will be equally true to the music. So it is when one sees Mount Everest from different sides or at different hours of the day.

Very shortly after Mr. Similä's return to Finland we were shocked to hear of his sudden death on January 9.

New possibilities for new music continue to crop up, which in turn have their effect on chances for further live concert hearings and recordings for Scandinavian composers in this country. Latest development has

been the setting up of a plan by the International Music Fund in cooperation with the American Federation of Musicians (backed by a Rockefeller Foundation grant) which will enable a variety of symphony orchestras throughout the country to record tapes of hitherto unrecorded contemporary repertoire included on their programs during the season. These tapes are to be submitted to a jury; which will listen to them and then choose the two best for subsequent commercial recording. Here, we hope, will be a fine chance for some younger Scandinavian composers to make their U.S. debut on LP within the next few years.

New LP recordings of Scandinavian music have confined themselves largely to the established classics of Grieg and Sibelius, with a few excursions into folk and popular music. We would call particular attention to new discs of hitherto unrecorded Lyric Pieces for piano by Grieg—two on the Angel label with the late Walter Gieseking, and one on MGM featuring young Menahem Pressler in the third LP of what will eventually comprise all ten books of the Grieg Lyric Pieces. The Folkways label which some years ago had issued a delightful 10-inch LP of Swedish folk and popular melodies sung by Sven-Bertil Taube (son of the famous Evert Taube), has now followed up with two companion discs featuring respectively songs of Finland and of Denmark.

We regret to announce that, effective January 1 of this year, it has been found necessary to curtail operations at the ASF Music Center, for the financial support from overseas which has heretofore made possible active promotional work by the Music Center, is no longer available. For the time being, the Music Center will function essentially as a reference library, and this writer is presently acting in the capacity of Musical Consultant. Materials for study purposes by professional musicians, scholars, and students will still be available from the Music Center; and every effort will be made to answer telephone and mail requests for information on matters relating to American-Scandinavian musical activity here and overseas.

DAVID HALL

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To prove the point, the Scandinavian Travel Commission recently issued a new 24-page illustrated booklet entitled *Welcome to Scandinavia*, which lists more than 150 such important events from January to December and includes a guide to a first-hand appreciation of Scandinavia's food, its great ballet, opera, drama, and orchestral groups, and its famed composers, writers, and painters. It is available free of charge from any travel agent.

New SAS President

Ake Rusck of Stockholm, 45-year-old former president of the Swedish State Power Board, formally assumed office in Stockholm on January 1 as president of Scandinavian Airlines System. He succeeded Henning Throne-Holst, who had held the post since January 1, 1955.

Rusck was named to the presidency of the worldwide airline system in April 1957 by the SAS Board of Directors after Throne-Holst announced his decision to retire at the end of 1957 to devote full time to other business interests. Throne-Holst, 62, became a board member in 1954.

Rusck, recognized authority in the electrical power field, joined the Swedish State Power Board in 1934 and subsequently became operating manager in 1939, manager of local administration in 1944, vice president in 1946 and president in 1948.

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A HISTORY OF ICELANDIC LITERATURE

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A History of Icelandic Literature was published by The American-Scandinavian Foundation as its second book for 1957. Written by Professor Stefán Einarsson of the Johns Hopkins University, this volume presents the first complete account in English of the literature of Iceland from the eddas and the sagas down to the present day.

Dr. Einarsson has not only dealt fully with the various authors and their works as well as their historical and cultural background, but has also incorporated much new material resulting from his own research and that of other literary historians. Both highly readable and authentic, this volume is an excellent guide to the rich treasurehouse of Icelandic Literature.

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Icelandic Airlines to Offer New Low Rates

The big news in the travel field is that transatlantic air fares are coming down. This is the case not only with the big airlines with the de-luxe service but also for Icelandic Airlines, which for the past several years have been a favorite with transatlantic travelers because of their extremely low rates and efficient service. IAL expects to institute a sizable cut in its transatlantic fares to be effective as of April 1. With these new prices, which will be subject to Government approval, Icelandic Airlines will maintain their position as the firm which offers rates substantially lower than any other transatlantic carrier. And their slogan, "Lowest Air Fares to Europe" will continue to hold true. For further developments write to Icelandic Airlines or consult your travel agent.

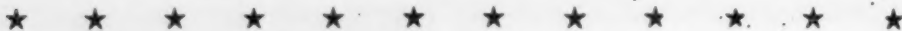
Linjebuss Adds New Tour

Linjebuss International has added a new tour for 1958 which will start in Paris on May 13, 27, June 10, 24, July 8, 22, August 5, 19, September 2 and 16. This

tour called "The Glories of France" will take 12 days and will cover the route to Tours, Bordeaux, Biarritz, Lourdes, Carcassonne, Avignon, Nice, and Grenoble. A special Easter departure will leave Paris on Wednesday April 2 so that Easter Sunday can be spent in Lourdes. All the other popular Linjebuss tours throughout Europe will be run as usual this year. For further information write to Linjebuss International, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a descriptive folder.

Greenland Tourist Association Established

A Greenland Tourist Association has been established in Greenland. Its chairman is Lars Lyng of Godthaab, recently on a visit to Denmark, according to an interview in the Copenhagen daily *Information*. "As yet," he says, "we haven't hotels and ship facilities to accommodate tourists from Denmark and abroad, and temporarily it is our task to promote interest in 'domestic tourism' so Greenlanders may get to know their own country."

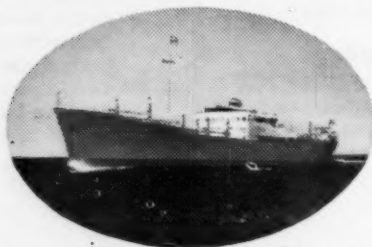


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Scandinavian Airlines System has announced the introduction on April 1, subject to Government approval, of a new "Globetrotter-Economy Class" service at very low year-round fares. The new service will employ the fast DC-7C Global Express Airlines for the thrift flights. Simple refreshments will be served. The regular Royal Viking de-luxe global service will of course continue to be operated.

Automobile Tourism Encouraged

Effective January 1, 1958, foreign tourists bringing automobiles with them to Sweden are not required to fill out any importation papers for their vehicles, provided the intended stay in the country does not exceed one year. This temporary duty-free admission for one year will be granted to all kinds of motor vehicles, private and commercial, including trailers and spare parts. This new regulation also applies to aircraft and pleasure boats.

"Carnets" and other temporary papers

for vehicles entering Sweden no longer will be required or examined by the Customs officials. However, a liability insurance policy valid for Sweden must be produced, the insurance being compulsory for the entire time the vehicle will remain in the country. Such a policy can be obtained upon entering Sweden and will be stamped by the Customs on the date of entry.

Cure for Morning Doldrums

Scandinavian Airlines System has come up with a sure cure for the early morning doldrums: Passengers who arrive at Kastrup airport between 4 and 6 a.m. and have a layover time in transit of more than four hours are whisked off to Copenhagen for a bath—their choice of Finnish, Roman, Russian, steam or ordinary tub. The bath, which takes from 45 minutes to an hour, is followed by a nap in a private room. Travelers are awakened for refreshments or breakfast and escorted back to Kastrup in time to catch their outgoing SAS flight.

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"Oslofjord" Equipped with Stabilizers

The *M. S. Oslofjord* of the Norwegian America Line has now been equipped with Denny Brown stabilizers to provide the utmost in passenger comfort and well-being. The stabilizers are hydraulically operated, retractable fins responding to gyro impulses and the design of the hull of the ship is such as to take full advantage of their stabilizing effect.

Based upon experience gained with the stabilizer-equipped *Bergensfjord* it has been established that rolling is almost completely eliminated with the use of stabilizers.

"Meteor" to Visit Bulgarian Riviera

For the first time in many years, a cruise ship will call at Varna, on the Black Sea Riviera coast of Bulgaria. The *Meteor* of the Bergen line will visit Varna on October 1, as part of a 20-day autumn cruise to the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, starting from Venice on September 27 and terminating in Dover, England, on October 17.

The development of Varna and other resort areas is part of an overall plan for the creation of an extensive tourist industry in Bulgaria. Prominent in this tourist bid is the new beautifully designed international holiday center called "Golden Sand" on the Black Sea near Varna. There are twenty-one hotels, 520 beach bungalows, nine restaurants, a theater and a casino in this up-to-date resort—a sort of Miami Beach of Eastern Europe. The Varna area boasts of a fine climate, excellent beaches, and picturesque natural surroundings.

In addition to Varna, the *Meteor* will visit another popular Black Sea resort—historic Yalta on Russia's Crimean coast. Odessa in the U.S.S.R. is also in the itinerary, as are Dubrovnik on the Adriatic coast of Yugoslavia, Istanbul, Athens, Tunis, and Lisbon.

"Cruises with "Stella Polaris"

Stella Polaris of the Clipper Line will leave from New Orleans on May 20 on a 24-day cruise-voyage to Europe, terminating in Zeebrugge, Belgium on June 12. Stops are scheduled at Havana, St. Thomas, Madeira, and Lisbon. From Zeebrugge, passengers will have an opportunity to visit the 1958 International World's Fair in Brussels and proceed from this central

Stella Polaris

THE IDEAL CRUISE SHIP

Completely Air-Conditioned

SPRING CRUISE - VOYAGE TO EUROPE

Sails from New Orleans, May 20

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Rates from \$550

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Rates from \$550

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Visiting Havana, Cap Haitien, La Guaira (for Caracas), Curacao, Kingston . . . from \$390

16 DAYS, APRIL 18 — Havana, St. Thomas, St. Martin, Ciudad Trujillo, Montego Bay, Grand Cayman Island . . . from \$365

14 DAYS, MAY 5 — Havana, Nassau, Port-au-Prince, Montego Bay, Grand Cayman Island . . . from \$295

Also 5 SUMMER CRUISES
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point to other parts of the Continent and the British Isles.

Following this voyage, five summer cruises in Scandinavia are scheduled. The first three are 15-day voyages along the Norwegian coast, visiting the fjords, the North Cape and "The Land of the Midnight Sun". These sail from Harwich, England, June 17, July 2 and July 17, 1958. Two other cruises, of 17 days duration each, combine the Norwegian fjords with visits to the Scandinavian capitals of Oslo, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. Sailings are from Boulogne, France and Harwich, England, on August 2 and August 19, 1958.

New Airport for Stockholm

Stockholm's new international airport, capable of handling the Douglas DC-8 jet planes of the Scandinavian Airlines System, will be located at Halmsjön 25 miles north of the city. The first stage of construction work is to be completed in 1960, in time for the first jet airliners. Halmsjön will be fully finished in 1963. A four-lane autostrada connecting Stockholm with the new field should also be ready at that time.

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CRUISES FOR 1958****M/S METEOR**

SCANDINAVIAN SPRING FESTIVAL CRUISE Sails from Harwich, May 24, 13 days. Features famous international festivals in Bergen and Copenhagen, as well as special events in Stockholm and Oslo. On the way to Bergen, the Meteor cruises the Hardangerfjord in beautiful blossom-time. Itinerary includes Hamburg and Stavanger. Rates from \$225.

4 CRUISES TO THE NORTH CAPE AND NORWEGIAN FJORDS—amidst the scenic grandeur that has won this region increasing popularity with travelers. Sailing from Bergen June 8 and June 19, 10 days each (from \$225) July 1 and July 10, 8 days each (from \$195).

2 CRUISES TO SVALBARD (SPITSBERGEN)—and beyond to the Pack Ice, as well as visits to the North Cape and the scenic fjords. Sailing from Bergen: July 18 and August 1, 13 days. Rates from \$280.

NORTHERN CAPITALS AND BALTIC CRUISE Sails from Bergen, Aug. 16, 19 days. Another first for Bergen Line! In addition to Leningrad (for Moscow), the Meteor will call at Gdynia for a visit to Warsaw in Poland. Unusually varied itinerary includes Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Helsinki and Hamburg. Rates from \$370.

**12-DAY ROUND TRIPS:
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To the NORTH CAPE and NORWEGIAN FJORDS Sailing from and returning to Bergen in modern coastal express ships. All-inclusive fare \$200 (includes first class passage, berth, meals, and shore excursions).

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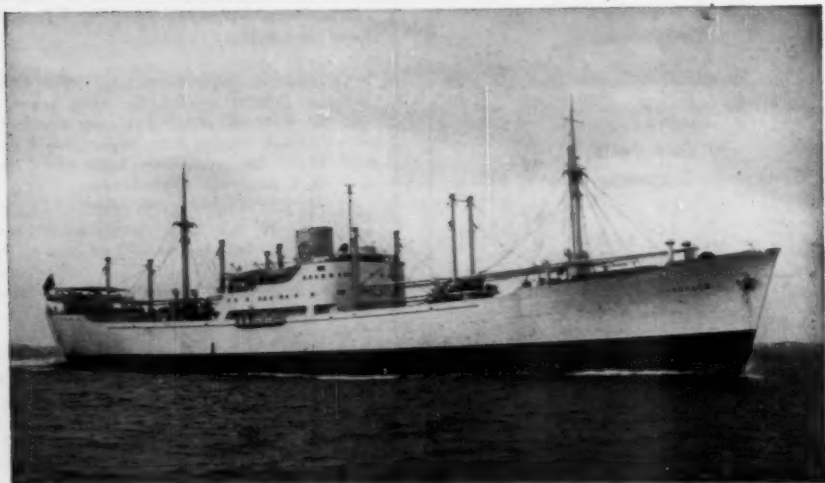


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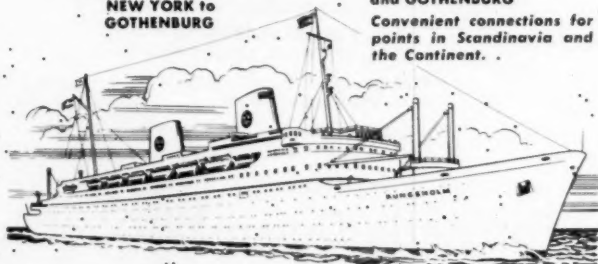
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MAJORNAS SPISBRÖD



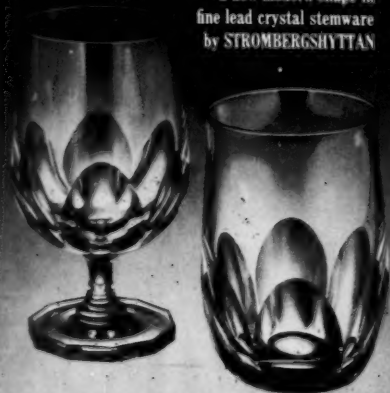
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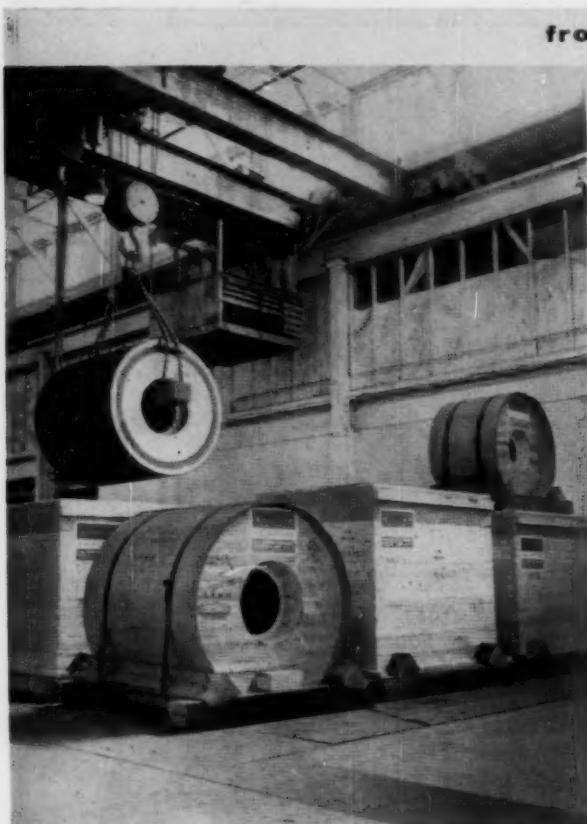
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A corner of the shipping room at the Norton Worcester plant showing stones crated for domestic shipment and boxed for export.

from

TWO

Norton Plants ...

Norton Pulpstones

Go World Wide

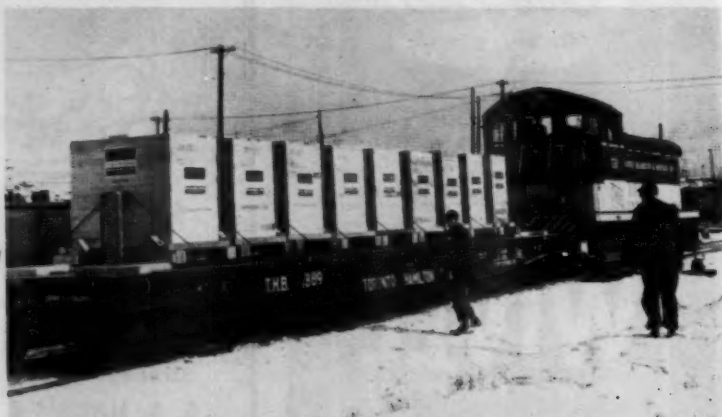
FROM the Norton plant at Worcester and from Norton Company of Canada's plant at Hamilton, Ontario hundreds of pulpstones go out each year to meet the world's requirements for mechanical pulp. Each plant has complete facilities for pulpstone manufacture, assuring you two reliable sources of supply in case of emergency.

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Norton Company of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

EXPORT: Norton Behr-Manning
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NORTON
PULPSTONES

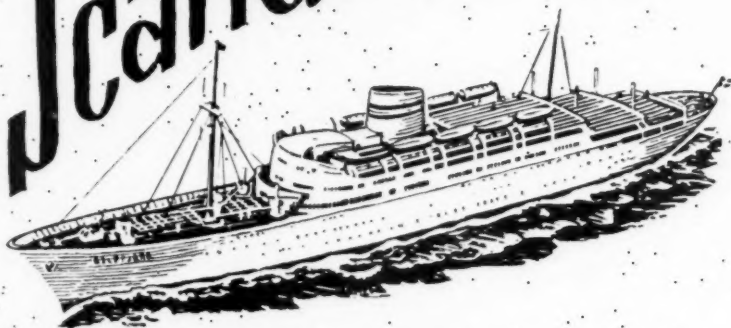


A carload of Norton pulpstones leaving the plant of Norton Company of Canada Ltd. at Hamilton, Ontario.

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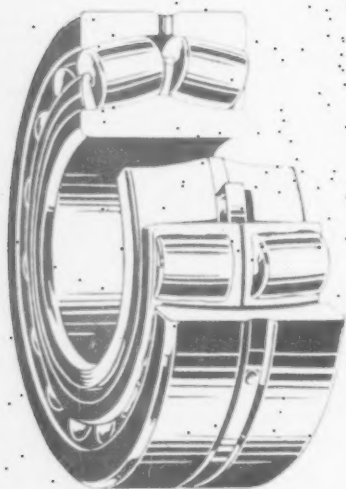
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